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The Week

ANY American college which wanted to save money—and what college doesn't, nowadays?—could have done so this week by simply suspending its department of political economy and sending all the students (at their own expense, of course) to Chicago. There they could have seen a curious spectacle. They could have seen delegates to a national convention working night and day writing a platform whose most important plank dealt, not with the economic plight of the country, but with the prohibition issue, and doing so (if the universal predictions are carried out) in a vague, ambiguous and hypocritical manner. Although our industrial fabric is falling to pieces before our eyes, the authors of this platform made no use of the expert economic advisers who were available; instead, they advocated in general a continuance of the policies which, practised by their party for over twelve years, have been largely responsible for bringing the country to its present plight. They could have seen these delegates nominate for the presidency a man whom hardly any of them like, and prepare to launch upon the country a terribly expensive campaign of propaganda, paid for by wealthy beneficiaries of the party's policies, openly and shamelessly devoid of any relationship to truth. These students might then, it seems to us, go back to their college and obtain their degrees *cum laude*. If the illuminating spectacle at Chicago does not constitute a complete education in political economy, what does?

LAST week The New Republic predicted that Carlos Dávila, head of the new Socialist government in Chile, was likely to meet the fate of Kerensky in Russia. The prediction came true almost before the words were in type; Dávila's participation in the government lasted only one week. He was forced out because his colleagues considered him too solicitous of the interests of foreign capital, and particularly of the Cosach, the great foreign-owned nitrate trust. While the Chilean revolution is following the normal course and moving to the Left, it is still uncertain whether its present leaders, even without Dávila, are capable of bringing about a genuine Socialist regime. Most of the members of the Junta appear to be military adventurers of the familiar South American type. On the other hand, the desperate poverty of the people and the prostration of Chilean trade are powerful forces working toward the inception of a genuinely radical development. As we pointed out last week, the revolution, even if it fails, will have an important effect upon at least half a dozen other South American countries which are in much the same general position. If the revolution does succeed, this effect will be far greater, will be almost irresistible.

DURING the past ten days, there has been little news of importance from the Far East, but it is certain that history is being made there, obscurely, now at a conference between Chinese war lords and bankers, now in a village where the peasants decide to drive out their landlords and join the Communists, now in a skirmish of Japanese troops against "bandits," and now, perhaps, at a meeting of Japanese tenant farmers. All news dispatches from China and Japan are meanwhile to be interpreted in the light of four historical processes and a threat to the peace of the world. The first of the proc-

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esses is the decay of the Nanking government. Since 1927, it has been supported by an alliance of war lords, bankers, politicians and gangsters (the Red and the Green gangs of Shanghai have a power that Al Capone would envy), but the bankers are deserting the alliance and the war lords are fighting among themselves. The government is demoralized; its anti-Communist campaign is proving unsuccessful; its soldiers and tax-gatherers are being driven from county after county by the peasants themselves; and its recent decision to recognize the Russian Soviets is unimportant for the simple reason that Moscow may refuse to return the compliment, and fail to recognize Nanking.

THE second process is the rise of Communism in China. On May 1, the most trustworthy estimates were that the Soviet territories in China had some fifty million inhabitants and were defended by 150,000 soldiers, many of them armed with spears and pitchforks; there were less than a hundred thousand rifles and only a few scores of machine guns in the Soviet armies. An even greater difficulty was the fact that the Soviets were divided into six districts, all of them separated by strips of territory still controlled by the government forces. Military coöperation was difficult and discipline was weak in the outlying territories; outrages were committed by bandit leaders posing as Communists. Only two of the six districts were fully organized with schools, armories, newspapers and banks issuing Soviet money. During the last six weeks, however, all the districts have expanded and several have united. Two government divisions have gone over to the Communists, carrying with them all their arms and munitions. The Soviet forces have already cut the Peiping-Hankow railway and are now threatening to capture some of the great industrial cities.

THE third process is the popular ferment now going on in Japan. Most of the cables from that country refer to speeches before the Diet and dickerings among politicians, admirals and generals about which of them shall control the government. Meanwhile we receive scarcely a hint of what the factory workers and the tenant farmers are saying in the present crisis. They are discontented; that much is certain. There are rumors that a revolution is possible and that the military leaders, in order to avert it, will embark on some venture abroad. In Manchuria, the fourth process is continuing under cover of what seems to be a press censorship. Nobody knows how the Japanese troops are progressing in their war against the native leaders; nobody knows how near they are to the Siberian border, or when they will reach it, or what they will do when they come face to face with the Russian troops on the other side. The fighting season is short in Siberia, and if the Japanese are next few weeks will be decisive for the peace of the world.

IT IS welcome news that the League for Independent Political Action, of which Dr. John Dewey is chairman, is to meet in Cleveland on July 9 and 10 for the purpose of exploring the possibilities of a new party which, in view of the existence of Republicans, Democrats, Socialists and Communists, ought to be called a fifth party, but will doubtless continue to be described as a third. There are, to be sure, many persons in general sympathy with Dr. Dewey's point of view who will feel that the Socialist party gives adequate expression to their point of view; but there are so many others who do not share this opinion that the Cleveland meeting is thoroughly justified. Discontent with the Republicans and Democrats is more widespread at this moment than at any other time in a generation; and with the world on the brink of an economic collapse, it is warranted. There is of course no possible hope of preventing one or the other of them from winning this year's election; but it is an excellent thing that a conference should be held which will serve to canalize the discontent and to make coherent and specific the items in the indictment of our present political rulers.

THE Bonus Expeditionary Force, which at the last estimate numbered between 12,000 and 20,000 men, has dug itself into the mud of the Potomac flats; and for all of General Glassford's enterprise in having navy and marine bands play "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," "My Old Kentucky Home" and other nostalgic lyrics it refuses to leave. Their hope of a bonus bill being passed is, of course, a wild and fruitless one, yet their ranks continue to grow and the newspapers report that contingents of unemployed veterans are still converging on Washington. So far all has been quiet along the Potomac, there has been little Communist activity among members of the bonus army and their wildest step toward revolution has been to display a few feeble placards such as, "Balance the Budget with Bread and Butter." The veterans, as a matter of fact, have shown themselves remarkably free of anything that could even vaguely be termed as fight, but how long this 100-percent American tolerance will last after the bonus bill is defeated is a matter of question.

IN The New Republic of June 1 we published an editorial expressing the apprehension that the next suspect arrested in the Lindbergh case was likely to receive rough treatment from the New Jersey police. We argued that, humiliated by their utter failure thus far, and writhing under the public criticism directed at them, the authorities would undoubtedly go to extreme lengths to make a case against anyone brought under suspicion. A few

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had several times been questioned by the police, and when she was on the eve of further examination. Since her death, further investigation seems to show that the suspicions directed against her were unfounded; and the charge is being freely circulated that she was driven to desperation by the police inquisition and killed herself to escape. We do not know whether this charge is true. The published transcript of her testimony does not support the view that she was mistreated, but obviously, police who were capable of using the third degree would be equally capable of covering up their tracks. New Jersey for its own sake ought to conduct a thorough inquiry into the death of Violet Sharpe and make public all the facts; and the state police, if they are innocent, should be the first to demand that such an inquiry be made.

THE trial of the forty-one miners who are charged with conspiracy to murder has begun in Harlan, Kentucky, and the first man to be tried in this new series is E. Phillips, a Negro miner, who is accused of taking part in the disastrous battle of Evarts, last May, when three deputies and an unknown number of miners were killed. Although the forty other defendants have been in jail ever since they were arrested soon after the battle, Phillips, who has been out on bond, was the first to be called into court. There is little doubt that the prosecution in its demand to try Phillips first—a demand to which the court willingly acquiesced—hopes to play upon the racial prejudices of the jury by beginning with the trial of a Negro. It is probable that if one conviction is obtained by the prosecution in this new series of trials, the conviction of the rest of the forty men, whose cases are similar to that of Phillips, will be more easily won. Already two miners have paid the penalty with life imprisonment, and if the trial of Phillips runs true to form, there is little doubt not only that he will be convicted, but that the forty other miners will follow him along the dismal and well trodden road to the Kentucky penitentiary.

IN THIS issue of The New Republic, Mr. C. D. Williams describes the legal recourse which is open to those who have bought securities on a basis of false, inadequate or misleading information. On Tuesday of this week, a suit of just the character he describes was brought in the New York Supreme Court by Florence Bramson against Lee Higginson and Company and the Guaranty Company of New York in connection with the purchase of International Match Corporation gold debentures. The complainant does not charge fraud or willful misrepresentation, but merely that material representations of fact were made which have turned out to be erroneous. . One of these representations was that the corporation would be actively managed by a board of directors predominantly composed of American business executives, whereas in fact the management was largely turned over to the president of the corporation. It will be seen that this suit exactly fulfills Mr. Williams' hypothetical conditions. Its development will undoubtedly be watched with great interest by many thousands of persons who are now holding depreciated securities bought under parallel conditions.

Lausanne: Europe Tries Again

THE LAUSANNE CONFERENCE, which as we write is about to begin, has an importance which it would be difficult to overstate. Unless the nations which are there assembling are able to reach some sort of prompt agreement, there is danger that the whole mechanism of international exchange will shortly break down. During each of the last four months, Germany has failed to accumulate sufficient amounts of foreign currency to meet the charges on its intermediate and long-term obligations to private investors abroad. Before the summer is out, unless relief is given not merely on reparations but on private debts as well, Germany will undoubtedly be forced to declare a general moratorium.

A complete German moratorium, if it comes, will administer a final, violent shock to the money markets of the world. Its effect will be particularly severe in London, where a substantial portion of the German intermediate-term debt is held. Worse than this, a German moratorium is certain to precipitate moratoria in all the small countries of central and eastern Europe. (Hungary has already declared one; Greece has a partial moratorium.) The present European foreign-exchange restrictions will of necessity be immensely tightened; the sinister "black bourses" of 1919-20 will spring up everywhere. It will be next to impossible for a person in one country to buy from or sell to a person in another country. When it is realized that all over Latin America moratoria either exist or are impending, it is evident that a large part of the world may soon be withdrawn from international economic life.

Before anything can be done to stave off a German moratorium, and prevent commercial collapse in Europe, a definite decision must be had on reparations. That is the urgent task of the Lausanne Conference. Once reparations are out of the way, additional *Stillhaltung* agreements can be arranged for Germany's private intermediate debt, and ways found to avoid default on German bonds. With a very little intelligent help, Germany will be able to pull through.

There is no particular moral or social principle involved in all this. The only issue is that of saving the bare machinery of international exchange. No responsible politician in England, France or Italy expects Germany to make further reparations payments. They all know that Germany is now

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where it is freely predicted that no decision will be taken at Lausanne, and that the whole conference will be adjourned, probably until next November. No one has faith that the French and Germans will be able to lay aside, even temporarily, their ancient quarrel. Neither is there hope that the European countries will act while the position of Mr. Hoover, head of the greatest creditor nation, remains shifting and ambiguous.

Lausanne is the first major economic conference to be summoned since the 1929 panic. Apparently only a few isolated individuals—Keynes in England, Delaisi in France, Francqui in Belgium—have any conviction that Lausanne is an opportunity to begin the economic rehabilitation of a shaken world. The cynical apathy about Lausanne among governments and peoples is a symptom of a lack of vitality in the present social order far more serious than any specific financial problem.

The chance of reconciliation between France and Germany at Lausanne depends, to a considerable degree, upon the attitude taken by the big business interests of both countries. Perhaps the most significant recent political development in Europe has been the unobtrusive progress made by the French-German Committee on Economic Coöperation, set up at the time of the Laval-Briand visit to Berlin last August. Close, far-reaching agreements have been concluded between the powerful chemical and electrical industries of the two countries. Similar understandings are believed to be in sight on shipping and aviation. French and German steel interests, however, have so far failed to agree upon a reconstitution of the European steel cartel, and upon the quotas each would be entitled to under it. In many curious ways, this impasse on steel apparently forms one of the chief obstacles to success at Lausanne.

In both France and Germany, the steel industry possesses extraordinary political influence. Lieutenant Colonel von Papen's "monocle Cabinet" of Junker barons, in a very direct sense, is controlled by the Ruhr and Rhineland ironmasters. The head of the great United Steel Works, Fritz Thyssen, has for years been the principal financial supporter of the Stahlhelm; the intimate relations of the Stahlhelm with the Reichswehr are notorious, and the leading Reichswehr politician, General Kurt von Schleicher, is the "strong man" of the von Papen Cabinet. In France, the Comité des Forges has suffered defeat in the fall of Tardieu, but its influence in the Quai d'Orsay is still strong. What the eventual relations will be between the Comité des Forges and the wily Herriot, remains to be seen.

As it happens, the steel manufacturers of both countries have an acute interest in the two chief diplomatic issues—control of the Danube nations and disarmament—which now divide France and Germany. The most important single French industrial establishment in the Danube region is the dominant unit[illegible] Comité des Forges. During the boom years of 1927-29, the Quai d'Orsay was active in obtaining orders for Skoda and the Schneider-Creusot interests. Recently it has brought pressure upon Rumania to pay up its back debts to French steel companies. In a $24,000,000 French loan to Czechoslovakia last January, the Quai d'Orsay intervened to stipulate that $8,000,000 must be used to satisfy Skoda's outstanding obligations to Schneider-Creusot, and to rehabilitate Skoda's plant. Any lessening of France's political dominance in eastern Europe would deprive the French steel industry of this convenient governmental backing and would increase the opportunity for effective German competition. It should be obvious that the steel industry in both countries has an interest in preventing a settlement of the French-German armament rivalry.

According to reports, the leaders of the French and German steel industries have once more resumed negotiations for a new continental steel cartel. Presumably they will eventually reach agreement. While the bargaining process is going on, however, the German steel-makers will certainly discourage von Papen from making any concessions to France. Similarly, the Comité des Forges, working through the Quai d'Orsay and the nationalist Paris press, will try to prevent Herriot from yielding to the Germans. The steel manufacturers of both countries are incredibly medieval and feudal—men in comparison with whom the late Judge Gary was a great-hearted public servant. It is, or ought to be, shocking that the success of the Lausanne Conference depends in any degree upon their selfish quarrels.

The one hope-inspiring group at Lausanne will be the English. England appears to be sincerely anxious for economic peace in Europe. The temporary export advantage which England expected to reap through devaluing the pound has been largely destroyed by Europe's import restrictions and tariff increases. The English, and especially English bankers, realize that these trade hindrances will only be removed when European countries no longer worry about the stability of their respective currencies. They believe that it is absurd to look for economic betterment while Europe is faced with an excellent prospect of a German moratorium.

This is the explanation of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's sudden and dramatic proposal to hold Lausanne in two sections, and to have the second half devoted to gold, currency and international exchange. This proposal would arouse more hope if there were any indication that Mr. MacDonald seriously intended to carry it through. As it is, it would seem to be a smart maneuver by Mr. MacDonald, after his long semi-retirement, to capture the extremist Churchillian wing of the Tory party, which has been agitating for a world financial conference. England and France are in complete dis-

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that Mr. MacDonald made no effort to talk his proposed second Lausanne conference over with France would seem to indicate that it is purely a domestic political gesture.

Finally, we come to the position of the United States. We are, in spite of our troubles, the greatest creditor nation of the world. It is true that the quarrel between France and Germany is the most obvious cause of Europe's present economic prostration. It is true that England has a more immediate selfish interest in European revival. But as the chief creditor nation, we have unavoidable responsibility for leadership. Mr. Hoover, Mr. Ogden L. Mills, Colonel Stimson, all of them know that some time we must agree to the cancellation of the greater part of the war debts. They know that if we agreed to discuss cancellation now, it would probably ensure the success of Lausanne, and make it possible to save Germany from a moratorium and the world from needless disaster. But Mr. Hoover fears Middle Western votes, and will not act.

Behind the Walker Case

THE CHARGES against Jimmie Walker which Mr. Seabury filed with Governor Roosevelt speak for themselves. No explanation or defense which Walker could have offered—and he offered none—would have been adequate in the face of about a million and a half dollars coming into his pockets or those of his immediate entourage from dubious or worse than dubious sources. Political embarrassment or not, we do not see how Governor Roosevelt can do anything but remove the mayor from office. Our immediate interest is in considering what will then happen. Will Walker run again and be triumphantly reëlected? Or will the scandals which have been unearthed in the last year or two, not only in connection with Walker but with a dozen other important city officials, break the power of Tammany and put control of the city in other hands, either permanently or at least for a period of some years?

In our judgment, neither of these things is likely. At heart, the Tammany organization is thoroughly angry with Walker, not for what he did but for his reckless negligence in not covering his tracks as he could so easily have done. Tammany now sees that the arguments Al Smith used years ago against Walker were right, and wishes it had taken the Governor's advice. The insouciant Jimmie will be placed on the shelf, and the Tiger will put forward someone else for the election of 1933. It is barely possible that by skillful use of the facts of corruption as they have been brought out in the Hofstadter investigation, Tammany may be defeated in this election by the Republicans, or by a Fusion grouping of reformist elements. This seems to us unlikely, however; and, indeed, there is a good put up Walker again, he would be reëlected by a huge majority.

One of the profound facts about modern American life and in particular life in great cities, is the indifference of the mass of the population to corruption. This was seen forcibly at the time of the oil scandals of the Harding administration, when Republican newspapers throughout the country treated the whole matter from a strictly partisan standpoint and Republican politicians, personally honest, deliberately obstructed the ends of justice. It was widely noted at that time that little public indignation was displayed over the revelations concerning Secretary Fall. A man who commuted daily from Baltimore to Washington over a period of several months made it a point to get into conversation with fellow passengers regarding the oil scandals and, nine times out of ten, he elicited the observation that Fall, Sinclair and Doheny were slick fellows; that it was hard luck they got caught, and that the speaker only wished he had their chance. There is, we believe, little doubt that this represented the popular opinion of a large part of the total population.

Certainly, it is a fair statement of the attitude of Tammany Democrats in New York. Time and again, in the past hundred years, the Hall has been caught in some piece of egregious dishonesty, only to be triumphantly returned to power at the next election. It is the fashion to say that the public conscience is more sensitive now than it was a century ago; but we are aware of little evidence that this is the case. Our public manners are somewhat less blatant; there is more of a tendency to "suck eggs and hide the shells"; but the alteration is one of taste, not morals.

In part, of course, the persistent loyalty of New Yorkers to Tammany is due to the efficiency with which the organization sells itself to the people. Everyone knows how it provides ice in summer and coal in winter; takes East Side mothers and babies for free excursions; gives away jobs; gets its members out of jail when their offenses are not too serious, and the like. The city has grown somewhat too sophisticated for some of these activities, which are becoming obsolete, but the principle holds good. Far more important, however, is another factor which is too often overlooked. Tammany, with marvelous psychological skill, manages to identify itself with the poor against the rich; and the more money that rolls into its coffers, the more completely successful it is in this absurd misrepresentation. Despite the repeated proof that it is not true, many New Yorkers still believe that the Hall is a sort of Robin Hood which "soaks the rich" for the benefit of the poor. The fact that the rich who pay tribute to Tammany pass on the burden to the ultimate consumer, the Tammany rank-and-filer and his neighbor, is too complicated for the victim's comprehension. But even if he understood it perhaps he would not complain. The poor long

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is poverty; recognizing that the first law of our society is "get the money," they are not inclined to be too hard on those whom they regard as their friends, even if some of the money is taken from their own pockets.

To this ancient situation, Jimmie Walker of course added certain values of his own. He is mildly amusing in his public repartee. True, by any standards save those of political life, his famous wisecracks would be considered pretty dull, but in a world of pompous sententiousness, he passed for a true jester. He added gayety, however synthetic, to a life which most people find thoroughly dull. He seemed, moreover, to represent a male exemplification of the Cinderella version—a poor boy all dressed up and hobnobbing with the rich and smart and those who stay up all night. Millions of people whose holidays consist of a trip to Coney Island have found unalloyed pleasure in reading the accounts of his adventures at Palm Beach, Palm Springs or in that curious European half-world where he disported himself. The next mayor may be honest (though he probably won't be); he will certainly be far more discreet than the lamentable Jimmie; but he will not be so gay.

Republicans and Prohibition

BY THE time this issue of The New Republic reaches most of its readers, the Republican Convention will have come to an end. Mr. Hoover will have been triumphantly renominated by a group of delegates who dislike him as heartily as possible, and the campaign will have been launched on the general philosophy of "don't change barrels while going over Niagara." Of the performance at Chicago we shall have more to say next week; in the meantime, we are chiefly concerned with the attitude of the Convention on the matter of prohibition. It is characteristic of American political life that in the midst of the most desperate economic cataclysm ever known, our dominant political issue at present should be whether men shall drink intoxicating liquors illegally, as at present, or under the approval of the law. But even this is not the issue with which the Convention has been struggling. That issue is one of pure political expediency. It has been, how to give the maximum degree of satisfaction to the Wets with a minimum alienation of the Drys. Unless all the political experts are wrong, the result will be an extremely feeble compromise calling for an advisory referendum which shall assist some future session of Congress in dealing with the matter.

No one expects courage or forthrightness from politicians; yet this particularly sorry spectacle ought not to be passed over without commenting upon President Hoover's personal responsibility for what is being done. An attempt is being made of the party, forced to accept what the delegates decide in regard to prohibition as well as other subjects, but this theory can be swallowed only by the most gullible. If Mr. Hoover really were the servant of the party, the Convention would unceremoniously and joyfully cast him aside in favor of some other candidate with whom there is a better chance of winning. While the details of wording are being settled at Chicago, in all its important aspects the platform has been written in the White House, and of no plank is this more true than of the prohibition one.

In all the consideration which has been given to this matter, and in all the endless columns which have been written about the subject, no one, so far as we can learn, has pretended to say what are Mr. Hoover's personal views. During his years of life abroad, before 1920, he certainly was not known as a prohibitionist, either in principle or practice. Since he has occupied an official position in Washington, it may be taken for granted that he has scrupulously observed the law. He once called prohibition an experiment noble in purpose—which sounds well, means nothing and commits him to no stand. In the recent negotiations, there has been no hint that Mr. Hoover had a strong opinion or, indeed, any opinion, as to what ought to be done to get the country out of the utter mess which is prohibition, unenforced and unenforceable. Every report, even from the friendliest quarters, has pictured him as feverishly trying to find a formula by which he can get himself reëlected. Instead of worrying about persuading the country to accept what he knows to be necessary, he has been balancing the views of one set of fanatics against those of another in order to see how he can appear to face in two directions at once. The New Republic, which believes repeal is desirable, rejoices at the rising tide of Wet sentiment which, beginning with the Rockefeller statement, has so upset the plans of the politicians. Nevertheless, we cannot overlook the fact that Mr. Hoover's attitude is dictated by the sheerest expediency. In his whole career, we are aware of no episode which more thoroughly discredits his claims to statesmanship.

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EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK ALVIN JOHNSON
E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD GILBERT SELDES
R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

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New Hope for the Bond Victims

Some Useful Information for Unfortunate Investors

VICTIMS of the misinformation which has often accompanied the flotation of securities in recent years are rarely aware of the extent of the protection which the law affords them. Startling as the idea may seem, sellers of securities are legally responsible for the statements they make. Of course, if the seller is insolvent, the injured investor may have no redress, but in a number of instances misinformation has been supplied by firms whose finances still remain in a healthy condition.

Investors have acted upon misinformation in a variety of ways, and the redress possible depends upon each individual transaction, of which there are, generally speaking, three types. First, when a purchaser buys securities relying in part upon a misstatement by the seller, the purchaser may cancel his deal upon learning the true facts. That is to say, he may return the securities to the seller and insist upon being reimbursed, irrespective of the seller's good or bad faith, diligence or negligence. Second is the case of a buyer of securities upon the advice of an officer of a financial institution making a business of giving such advice, and presumably having the means at its command to ascertain the truth. Though the purchase may not be made directly from the institution, but through a broker in the open market, nevertheless, if the purchaser discovers that the advice he acted upon contained inaccurate statements, he may demand reimbursement if he can prove that the misstatements were due to negligence.

The third case is that in which a purchaser acts upon certain misstatements contained in the advertisement of a flotation of securities inserted in the newspapers by a syndicate of financial institutions. In this case there is no further contact between the purchaser and the sponsors of the issue, the purchase being made through a broker. Although the law is not so clear as to the rights of the purchaser in this category, the most recent decisions indicate that the purchaser may recover his loss if he can prove that negligence was involved in the issuing of the misstatements. These three general categories may perhaps be clarified by applying them to individual transactions.

To take a hypothetical case: A lady has a so-called "custody" account with, let us say, the Gilt Edge Bank. In February, 1931, having money to invest, she consults an officer of the Securities Department, and is advised to buy the International Splinter 5% Debentures of 1941. She is shown [illegible] pears in The New York Gazette on January 31, signed, *inter alia,* by the Gilt Edge Company of New York, security affiliate of the Gilt Edge Bank, and a prospectus of the same debentures contemporaneously issued by the sponsor financial concerns, more fully describing, or misdescribing, the debentures. The lady reads the advertisement, or prospectus, and relying on the statements it contains, plus the recommendation of the bank officer, buys some of the debentures, which are obtained from the Gilt Edge Company of New York and charged to her account with the Gilt Edge Bank. She now discovers that the advertisement and prospectus contained statements that were not true. She may return to the Gilt Edge Bank, tender her debentures and demand that they restore her purchase price. This involves no reflection on the Gilt Edge Bank. The lady need not charge that the misstatements were made to her fraudulently or even negligently. She may simply say: "Sorry, gentlemen, I do not blame you, but it is apparent that I did not get what your statements led me to expect. Here are the bonds, please give me my money back." The Gilt Edge Bank has no choice but to do so under the principles of law laid down in Seneca Wire Company v. A. B. Leach and Company, 247 N. Y. 1, and Continental Insurance Company v. Equitable Trust Company, 127 Misc. 45, a decision of the Special Term, approved by the New York Court of Appeals in the Seneca Wire Company case.

In passing, it may be mentioned that The New York Gazette advertisement referred to had this pathetic little clause at the bottom:

> The above statements, while not guaranteed, are based upon information and advice which we believe accurate and reliable.

This clause, however, does not release the signatory bankers. It is not a question of guarantee but of good conscience and fair dealing. The point is that the lady, owing to misstatements by the seller, did not correctly understand the facts. Now that she does understand the facts, she has a right to withdraw from the transaction. It would be unjust and inequitable, the courts say, to permit the seller to retain the fruits of a sale induced by its own assertions, falsely though innocently made.

The same also applies, naturally, to those cases where a purchaser was directly approached by, let us say, a Gilt Edge Co[illegible]

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advertisement and prospectus. He may now cancel the transaction.

Now let us assume that a depositor, or client, of the Gilt Edge Bank consulted its Securities Department, was shown the same advertisement and prospectus and advised to buy these debentures. The client did so through his own broker. As the purchase was not made directly from the Gilt Edge Bank, no transaction can be rescinded there, and the debentures having been purchased in the open market, no statements, accurate or inaccurate, were made by the seller. What remedy has the person so misled?

Reimbursement may be demanded from the advising bank upon proof of negligence, under recent decisions of the Court of Appeals of New York which may be considered as landmarks on the subject. The court discussed at length liability for the "negligent utterance of words." Its conclusion was that liability for "honest blunder" exists where there was "privity," or contact, between the wrongdoer and the victim.

In Courteen v. Hongkong Banking Corporation, 245 N. Y. 377, the court said that negligent words were actionable when "uttered directly, with knowledge that they will be acted on, to one to whom the speaker is bound by some relation of duty arising out of a public calling, contract or otherwise, to act with care if he acts at all."

In Doyle v. Chatham and Phenix National Bank, 253 N. Y. 369, the bank was held liable to the purchaser of a bond of the Motor Guaranty Corporation, issued under an indenture with the bank against collateral to be deposited with it, the Guaranty Corporation to have, in effect, the privilege of substitution. The indenture defined the collateral. The bank certified bonds issued against collateral which did not meet the requirements of the indenture to be "as described" in the indenture. The plaintiff, holder of bonds so certified, brought suit against the bank charging negligence, but not fraud. The court granted him the right to recover his purchase price, holding that the bank's certificate upon the bonds was a negligent misrepresentation of fact. The certificate also provided the necessary contact between the bondholder and the bank.

In Ultramares Corporation v. Touche, Niven and Company, 255 N. Y. 170, a firm of accountants, having been employed by a rubber dealer, negligently made an inaccurate audit of his books. Copies of this audit were given to the rubber dealer, who then obtained credit from the plaintiff upon the basis of the audit. There was no direct contact between the plaintiff and the accountants. The rubber dealer, as a matter of fact, was insolvent at the time and the plaintiff suffered a severe loss. It was held that there could be no recovery on the basis of negligence.

In the light of these decisions, we may conclude that where a bank negligently makes misstatements upon such statements buys securities and suffers a loss, he may thereafter recover from the bank.

In our second hypothetical case, could a jury say that an officer of the Gilt Edge Bank was negligent in showing an investor a prospectus of International Splinter Debentures of 1941 as a correct statement of fact?

The prospectus announced that the International Splinter Company held exclusive concessions from various countries. The Gilt Edge Bank has, and advertises that it has, correspondents in those countries. It has, and advertises that it has, branches in London and Paris. Exclusive concessions are presumably a matter of public record. Of certain of these alleged concessions the receiver for the International Splinter has as yet found no trace. The prospectus also contained inaccurate statements of earnings. Independent auditors could have, and since the death of the Splinter King have, discovered the actual earnings.

It is not excessive to ask that a bank with the resources and connections of the Gilt Edge verify the existence of government concessions and ascertain correctly the earnings of corporations whose issues it floats. An appellate court would not set aside a jury verdict finding the bank guilty of negligence.

The third hypothetical case is that of an investor who may have seen the New York Gazette advertisement of the International Splinter debentures. He reads the distinguished names signed to the advertisement and, relying on the statements which it contains, purchases debentures in the open market through his own broker. Such an investor may recover his purchase price from the flotation syndicate only, in the language of the courts, if the utterance was direct, with knowledge that it would be acted on, to one to whom the speaker was bound by some relation of duty arising out of a public calling to act with care if he acted at all.

Although the conclusion in this last case may not be so clear as in the previous ones, the writer believes it would come within the rule. A newspaper advertisement is a direct utterance to its readers and is made with the knowledge that some persons will act upon it. The members of the banking syndicate are engaged in a public calling and surely should act with care if they act at all.

Many investors are therefore in a position to recoup their losses substantially. There are numerous securities concerning which inaccurate statements were made, or material information withheld, in advertisements published by the flotation syndicate. The banking firm bringing out a Peruvian issue failed to state that the President's son was receiving a commission of several hundred thousand dollars on the deal; there was a faulty statement of the debt record of another South American government in an advertisement of certain of its bonds; an advertisement of Allegheny bonds of a railroad holding corporation stated that

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maintenance of a certain amount of collateral by the borrower, but neglected to reveal that the indenture said that failure of the borrower to maintain such collateral should not constitute a default.

The remedy for this sort of misinformation exists. In many cases the financial houses responsible are fully able to meet their obligations. The investor who will demand his rights is not so badly off as he may now believe.

C. D. WILLIAMS.

Five under Twenty-one

(The World War they vaguely remember as a series of parades. In high school it was the next to last chapter in their history books, and rather a mess. They do not belong to the "Post-War Generation." It is too early yet to brand them. Ten years from now they will be branding themselves. In the meantime there is trouble in the East and trouble in the West, and soon these five and their brothers will be getting it in the neck one way or another, and making the customary blunders.)

MALE AND FEMALE STILL LIFE

THE FACES are young, but the female is younger than she looks and the male looks younger than he actually is. His hair-cut suggests a prison camp, and her face suggests nothing. They seem to be dancing. The dancing suggests pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake and a timid struggle.

She has just been asked, for the eleventh time this evening, how she likes life in a big finishing school, and having replied that she left in the middle of last year she is asked, for the eleventh time, how she *did* like life in a big finishing school. She parries with the old grimace, and life, fascinating, colorful, dangerous, goes on. Life is fascinating, colorful, etc., for both of them because they are out of school at last and their time is pretty much their own. Now she is gloriously free to accompany her mother to Pinehurst, North Carolina, or Hamilton, Bermuda, not merely at New Year's or Easter, but every time her mother goes. Thus she will have the opportunity to gather with members of her own set not just at different homes but in contrasting environments. She adores travel, and believes that one year of it is worth more than four years of ordinary schooling. This is also his belief. However, they both went abroad with their families, and you can have Europe (Yes, and Paris, too) for all of them. In Bermuda it's just as if you were in your own country with your own friends, except for the tropical atmosphere. In Europe it's so crude and kind of behind times.

The male and female are both for progress, and modern all the way through. She has always been somewhat of a rebel. In school she used to write pieces for the school magazine, although now, of course, she has outgrown such things. Also, when she was only seventeen she used to get caught [illegible] erone, and she still believes that a seventeen-year-old girl is old enough to go out with somebody by herself. Though the male finds this girl's unconventionality refreshing, he realizes that after all there is a lot behind convention, and he feels that one owes it to society to conform. However, since he is modern all the way through, last fall he refused to accept on a silver platter a position in his father's office, and instead started out as a regular laborer on the railroad track itself. He worked his way up into the office in two months, and now believes more firmly than ever that the only reason the poor stay poor is because they're too lazy to work. He hasn't yet figured out the depression (he talks of it in the past tense), but he knows the labor unions have a lot to do with it. And he knows whereof he talks, because his father's always had a lot of trouble with the unions. In school the female learned that a union was "a combination in restraint of trade," but that's just about all she knows on the subject, beside the fact that the unions keep a lot of poor laborers out of work.

She has a great deal of pity for the workers' wives, because she's done quite a bit of charity work since she's been out of school. Charity is one of her hobbies. Most of her friends of her own age don't do much of anything important between social engagements, but she herself is too active, too interested in the affairs of the world, to lead such a life. Consequently her picture is almost always in some local paper. Young as she is, she is the president of a junior bridge club, secretary of her prep school's alumnae association and a superb horsewoman. She wins a prize at every horse show she enters.

She can be seen almost any Monday or Friday morning making the rounds of her stables, carrying a pad and pencil and furiously jotting down notes. She will go far. A year from now she and the male will be married, and will spend their honeymoon either in Pinehurst, North Carolina, or Hamilton, Bermuda.

EXQUISITE ANCHORITE

North Dakota is a long way back. Brian would rather not think about it. Here in the dark, high-ceilinged room the year might be 1898, and London [illegible] Paris might lie out [illegible] The

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gauze, admits little light and none of the street's clamor. Through the flowered curtain can be dimly made out a scene of violent activity. It is hard to determine the exact nature of the activity, but some men outside seem to be doing something. Within the room there is nothing doing. Brian, pallid, slim, twenty years old, clad in black trousers and a shirt of gold brocade and wearing rope sandals, holds in his hands a small crystal Buddha.

He observes the floor distantly, one eyebrow almost imperceptibly raised, his mouth slightly open. He has just remarked, to someone reclining with a cup of tea and Bacardi on a low box-couch, that this crystal Buddha perfectly typifies the spirit of modern burlesque. He has never seen a burlesque show, but he is about to reveal this fact and demonstrate that his having seen one would be a positive hindrance to his understanding of the subject. In a quiet, well modulated voice, he will expound for fifteen minutes, showing that the actual Buddha was at the same time not only the father and son of burlesque but of all forms of theatrical entertainment featuring spangles. (The crystal Buddha was given to him, he asserts, by an insane duchess, half Russian and half Siamese, who never ventured outdoors except to attend the symphony, and then always fortified by injections of heroin.) He has imposed upon himself the duty of learning more about crystal idols than any other person alive. (About jade idols he knows nothing.) This duty is a penance for his having failed to write the duchess a note thanking her for the gift.

Life for him is just one penance after another. He lives constantly by a strict code, being willfully and brilliantly perverse in everything. He has assumed a distorted attitude in order to make his existence bearable. He is an authority on inconsequential subjects. He lives religiously. His rope sandals are a compensation to his conscience for his gold-brocade shirt. He flagellates himself by mixing his jasmine tea with an inferior brand. He weeps at the wilting of a plant, and starves to death a pet goldfish. He can talk about everything and do nothing.

He is a post-graduate student at a large Eastern university, and is the sole student in a course in advanced Chinese. He will win a Ph.D. mainly on the strength of his thesis on "Values in Life."

Young Guy with Pants

"Oh, you son of a bitch!" Joel moans wearily to his motorcycle, and steers it off the road onto the grass. The ailing machine coasts slowly to a gentle halt by a tree, and Joel dismounts, wheels the heavy thing closer to the trunk, and leans it gently there. He begins to unload his pockets, gazing with disgust at the wild country around him. He extracts from one pocket a large handkerchief, from another a half-empty pint of gin, and from his breast pocket articles in a neat row on the ground beside him. He peers closely at the engine for a moment, then selects a licorice gumdrop and kneads it between his fingers. He begins stuffing gumdrops into a jagged hole in the motorcycle's mechanism.

Three hundred yards back he tried tying a potato against the hole, but the potato blew off. A few hundred yards farther up the road the gumdrops will also disappear into space. The motorcycle came into his life last week, for $15, and he will abandon it tonight because he cannot support it. His life is planned, as definitely as he can plan it under the circumstances, as far ahead as his present destination. He has three purposes: to make the motorcycle last until he arrives at the house of a hospitable friend, to make the gin last as long as the motorcycle, and to borrow permanently a better pair of pants. (The pants he now wears have an irreparable tear in the seat.) When he has realized these ambitions he will acquire fresh ones for tonight or tomorrow.

He is on his way back from a one-hundred-mile trip made to borrow from ten to twenty-five dollars from another friend whom he had not seen for some time. He conceived the idea of the trip one rainy morning a few days ago when he awoke with a hangover and a terrible ennui for his surroundings. He left immediately after a breakfast of cornflakes and beer, and arrived at his destination that night. While there he wrote and sold a story for My Story magazine, spent one evening acting as a supe with a Shakespearean-repertory company, got drunk with a prominent lady poet and crashed a wrestling match.

His plan of life begins with today and ends tomorrow, and resumes indefinitely several months hence. He has read a little Walter Pater, but this reading is in nowise responsible for his manner of living. He drinks and plays with a vengeance, but his drinking and playing are entirely naïve. Disillusion, frustration, "spiritual stylishness," have nothing to do with the case. He lives for the moment simply because he is temperamentally fitted to enjoy life in this way. He is as emotionally uncomplicated as an old lamb, because, though his desires are strong and his ambitions abnormal, they are too short-lived to conflict with each other, merely following one another in rapid succession.

His father was a composer and his mother a sculptress of some note. He possesses most of their tendencies and none of their talents. He is more radical, more "modern," than they were, without possessing the self-consciousness that made their life a program. He lives with gusto and does not brag about it. He is always penniless and almost always a little tight.

As editor of a small country newspaper for a week last summer, he succeeded in forcing the make-up of each page to form a design strictly on the laws of Dynamic Symmetry. At present he has a desire to go to Cyprus and take part in their next

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blow him into a week's quiescence in a hospital. Immediately upon being discharged he will start out for Cyprus.

Study in Grays

George sits at a desk among desks. In his left hand he holds an order. His right hand, resting on an oddly shaped open book, holds a mottled green fountain pen with a gold point. He gives the impression of doing something. He is clad in a dark-gray suit and a white shirt with a frayed collar, and wears a violet and brown tie, black Oxfords with a high polish, and brown socks. He is very hard to describe. The expression on his face indicates that he has just delivered himself of the remark: *Oh, sure!*, tinged, or better, drenched, with sarcasm. He has just been asked, for the eleventh time this morning, if he can change a one-hundred-dollar bill and his *Oh, sure!* has just taken its eleventh drenching.

Though his brain recognizes only figures and checks on a printed form, his eyes are gazing at his past, present and future. This is not tragic, because even if his brain were capable of recognizing on the paper before him his past, present and future, his emotional reaction would more closely resemble satisfaction than despair. However, the reaction would still be little more than something resembling something, for emotional reaction is not one of his strong points.

At the age of seventeen he started out as an office boy, and in only three years worked his way up to the position of Something Accurate at a Little Desk. Now he believes more firmly than ever that the only reason the poor stay poor is that most of them are too lazy to work. His father was a salesman with the company for which he himself now works, and his mother was a salesman's wife. He possesses all their tendencies and points of view, and will conscientiously hand them all down to Junior, who will hand them down to Junior, Jr.

He lives for the moment not because he is temperamentally fitted to enjoy life in this way, but simply because there seems to be nothing else to live for. In fact, it's a great exaggeration to say that George lives for the moment. Rather, he merely lives *in* it, neither deriving any special pleasure from it nor finding it particularly objectionable. His plan of life begins with this moment and ends with the next, and resumes indefinitely several years hence. His plan for several years hence is not the child of a passionate desire to make a million dollars, nor the child of any particularly great hope to realize such an ambition. It is based merely on a sneaking suspicion that such a thing might happen.

He lives constantly by a strict code, which has been furnished for him by the Blotter Motto people. He lives religiously. The high polish on his shoes is a compensation to his conscience for the frayed edge on his collar. He rather fancies wearing his collar open at the neck, but he realizes that after all there is a lot behind convention, and he feels that one owes it to one's office acquaintances to conform.

He can be seen almost every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday or Saturday morning making the rounds of the office, carrying papers and a pencil, and occasionally furiously jotting down a note. He will go far. A year from now he and the girl at the next desk will be married, and when George gets a bigger desk they will go on their honeymoon, and come back.

Ted Robinson, Jr.

The Plan of New York: II

This is the second of two articles by Mr. Lewis Mumford, presenting the results of a critical inquiry into the Regional Plan of New York and Its Environs. The first article appeared in our issue of June 15.—The Editors.

Our Stake in Congestion

Let us return to the heart of the metropolis. The Regional Plan estimates that New York City wastes roughly $500,000 a day because of congestion, and the entire region, approximately $1,000,000. (Vol. III, p. 61.) What have the planners to say on the subject of building heights and congestion?

Here Mr. Adams has taken the standpoint of the practical administrator, faced with an immediate problem and forced to compromise with all the existing interests and pressures. If the present Regional Plan were an official one, if it were to be put in force immediately, and if these proposals were the last step in drafting ordinances and proceedings to legislative action, the final results he achieves would be a regrettable—but so far understandable—attempt to make the best of a bad job.

But, in practice, Mr. Adams' assumptions do not merely do away with a clear presentation of the problem, but with an effective solution. Despite the excellent discussion of desirable degrees of concentration and height in Volume Six, to say nothing of the monograph on "Sunlight and Daylight for Urban Areas" in Volume Seven, Mr. Adams proceeds to lay down merely "practicable" standards on the basis of the existing structure of values and the existing methods. He therefore provides no sufficient impulse to change the framework and the ideas, the structure and the standards; and the very interests he has already compromised with in his report will, encouraged by his timidity, exact further compromises and concessions from any municipal officials who might actually attempt to put these ideas

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In other words, by attempting to be practical and hard-boiled, Mr. Adams, so far from helping the practical administrator, has actually made his task more difficult. The time for compromise is not when one is thinking out a problem; for by hauling down one's flag to the enemy as soon as one has surveyed the field and counted his forces, one lacks the power not merely to reënforce one's friends in their attack, but to win over such of the enemy as may have sympathies in the other camp. There are business men, for example, who are not convinced that buildings over twenty stories high are desirable forms of investment, just as there are plenty of architects who do not believe that the skyscraper is the chief boast of American architecture or the only way in which to house office workers. The Regional Plan, with its genius for premature compromise, gives these people no effective aid.

The Regional Plan might have performed a useful service in examining the present forms of the skyscraper on the basis of their utility and efficiency, compared the business buildings built on the row principle—with through ventilation, a complete access to daylight and a minimum of dead interior space—with the extravagant layouts of the types that fill the entire lot area. Here again, the Regional Plan lacks the very essence of a good plan: the sense of alternative possibilities. Not alone is there no examination of other methods of planning business buildings, such as Ludwig Hilbersheimer has made in Berlin; but there is, on the contrary, the persistent suggestion that the set-back skyscraper covering the entire lot at the base is an ideal form, even in suburban areas.

The attitude of the Regional Plan on building bulks and congestion is all the more indefensible because Mr. Adams is not in the least fooled by the weird mathematics and logic by which Messrs. Hood and Corbett have undertaken to defend skyscrapers as an aid in relieving congestion. "If," says Mr. Adams quite justly, "in areas where skyscrapers are built closely it is considered essential to pull down valuable buildings for the purposes of wholesale widening of streets; to build up roads and sidewalks in two or more tiers to obtain elevated street space because of insufficiency of ground space; and to concentrate transit lines much more than elsewhere, then it is obvious that those who advocate these things are proving indirectly that the traffic and transit demands grow in proportion to building bulk. And yet it is a common thing to hear the same voice say at the same time that high buildings do not create more traffic than low buildings, and that streets in areas occupied by high buildings should be doubled in capacity."

In view of this, the compromises Mr. Adams is willing to make on behalf of business buildings are almost unbelievable. Thus he says of the quarters in which two million people spend at least eight hours a day on Manhattan Island alone, that "they may have less space about them for light and air than residential buildings because of the greater opportunities they present, as a rule, for artificially overcoming deficiencies in natural light and ventilation."

As a matter of cold fact, the office worker is far more confined than is the housewife or the school child. From the standpoint of the health and efficiency of the office plenty of sunlight and air, all the more because their resistance is lowered and the chances of infection greatly increased by daily travel in crowded subway lines. Zoning ordinances should establish a stringent regulation, not merely of height and bulk, but of building depth and exposure, for office buildings and factories.

Does the Regional Plan suggest such standards? On the contrary, even in areas of predominantly low building it does not hesitate to assign high ones: see the development of the civic and business center of Paterson, suggested on page 548, Plan Volume Two. While Mr. Adams is verbally against congestion and against unsocial modes of building, the Plan, whenever it has a concrete step to propose, automatically assumes the existence of congestion and generously provides for it: see the view of Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, see the Upper East Side Water Front, see the Civic Center for Manhattan, with its vast tower, 1,000 feet high, see the suggestion for the midtown district of New York, see that for the Chrystie-Forsyth Streets area.

Is the Russell Sage planner's excuse that land values are already high in these areas? Not at all; for in Volume Six, page 27, he says: "Land values will adjust themselves to any density of building permitted by the city, and should not be allowed to force high building." Mr. Adams himself is not unconscious of the fact that he has faced both ways on the issue of congestion. "Viewed by themselves," he says, "some of the imaginative designs that follow may appear to picture a degree of height and density of building that is greater than our words and our standards would indicate as desirable" (p. 332, Plan Volume II). "May appear" is a curious phrase in this context: it flatly contradicts even Mr. Adams' words, even Mr. Adams' standards.

But what shall we say to the basis upon which he calculates the maximum bulk of office buildings in central areas—a twelve-story building covering the entire lot? Fortunately, the Report takes the criticism out of one's mouth; for in Volume Six one reads: "An excessive building bulk is one where buildings cover over 80 percent of the area of private land and rise above an average height of ten stories per unit area of building plot in the areas of highest densities. This is the maximum. A reasonable optimum, where it is practicable to apply it, would be 75 percent and eight stories, respectively, always assuming that at least 50 percent of the land was open public area." No one could phrase the economic objection to Mr. Adams' zoning proposals any better than he has done himself. "Probably," he says in Plan Volume Two, page 161, "if an estimate could be made of the increased income obtained by groups of men in certain districts, as a result of exercising their privilege to erect higher and bulkier buildings than the streets can serve without double-decking, and this could be set against the costs of congestion plus the cost of the remedy in double-decking, there would be a balance in favor of more stringent zoning."

But in these discussions of building heights and congestion two vital facts are forgotten. The first is that congestion in the center demands wider and wider areas for commutation: this is not merely costly in the matter of supplying new transit facilities and new terminals, but in order to make these expensive lines pay, the maximum

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so that, ultimately, open spaces cannot be maintained in the suburbs so long as intensive growth is localized and encouraged in the central areas. If the sky is the limit in the metropolis, parks and gardens and parkways and playgrounds will not be the final result in the suburbs. That is an illusion. The Regional Plan does ill to foster it. Under this regime the suburb is merely a temporary transitional area, awaiting the last degree of metropolitan exploitation: those who wish the advantages of a semi-rural environment must always be on the move.

As a matter of fact, the Plan involves two contradictory sets of proposals. One is for the building of large neighborhood units and even garden cities in the suburban parts of the metropolitan region. The other is for the concentration of traffic and transportation and high buildings in the central district below Fifty-ninth Street in Manhattan, and the filling up of the open areas in the metropolitan district in such a fashion as to continue the congestion and to preserve the land values that have been founded upon this congestion. The first of these proposals is, within the region, a platonic hope: the actual ground is so badly chopped up into private parcels and the financial interest in long-term and low-paying investments like garden cities is so meager that, without a complete reversal of our present financial institutions, the prospects of building them in the local area are infinitesimally small. Nor would it do the slightest good toward lessening congestion unless new industries were planted in the garden cities: this means large state subsidies for workers' housing; for without an industrial base the garden city is only a fancy name for a suburb. If anything were needed to make the Regional Plan's allusions to the garden city more futile, the plans for further congestion at the center would be sufficient.

The second fact about building heights is equally important to the planner, who must look forward to the continued adaptation of the city to human uses and functions. This is the fact that radical changes can be easily made only in districts of low building density. Congestion, in other words, lacks adaptability. It fixes inordinately high values on land which do not permit its change in function except at the cost of incorporating the capitalizable value of congestion rents, plus the costs of demolition, in the new value of the land: a fact which automatically prohibits low buildings in an original skyscraper area even should a change in urban use demand them.

An obsolete small building can easily be demolished; a street of low buildings can be widened to meet new traffic demands; a section of such buildings can be torn down to meet a new civic need. Skyscrapers, on the other hand, tend to ossify capital and to restrict the necessary adaptation to new uses. So heavily does the skyscraper have to capitalize its unusable equipment and its unrealizable advantages that it is unable to make terms with a new situation. In other words, the costs of congestion are never amortized and written off the books: on the contrary, they form a standing charge which can be written off only by a revolution or a final declaration of bankruptcy.

If the past hundred years have taught us anything, they should have taught us the advantage of traveling light. It is because we have sunk such vast fortunes into what is now obsolete equipment that our cities present a massive resistance to change and improvement. Only by simplifying our equipment can we meet new situations and take advantage of new opportunities. Today the motor car has an efficiency value in the country town that far outweighs its value in the traffic jam of Fifth Avenue: this generalization applies to the small city itself, as opposed to the metropolis. The small city can spend on real improvement what the metropolis must spend on the mere amelioration of a condition fundamentally bad.

Neighborhood Communities and Housing

We come now to a highly important phase of any constructive policy of regional planning: the building of houses. The section on housing really consists of two parts. One deals with the conception of the neighborhood community and the other with the problem of housing in relation to general city development.

Mr. Clarence Perry, who conducted the first survey, has seized upon three important facts in connection with modern housing. The first is that arterial traffic roads, being dangerous and tedious to cross, tend to act as delimiting boundaries of neighborhood communities. The second is that such neighborhood communities, in order to ensure children's safety in going to and from schools and playgrounds, should not be through-traffic areas, but rather should be insulated: this is a corollary.

Finally, Mr. Perry holds that it is possible to define such neighborhood communities as to the area and the number of families in terms of the type of housing and the elementary school that can economically serve them. With such definite requirements of population established at the beginning, the amount of space devoted to shops, community institutions, parks and playgrounds can be

In establishing a desirable standard size—160 acres—Mr. Perry has worked with criteria that have not been criticized with sufficient care: even though he shrinks from accepting the gigantic, understaffed, overequipped prison school developed to meet the high costs and curtailed budget of megalopolitan New York, he probably places the maximum number too high. This holds likewise of his calculations for shopping centers, where the figures are loose and inaccurate. I mention these deficiencies, not in a spirit of carping, but to warn against their being accepted as the last word in accurate scientific study, and as such, a basis for all future planning. But Mr. Perry's principle is, nevertheless, a valid one. Orderly city growth does not consist in following the standard practice of platting new areas in endless rectangles on the map, permitting them to be broken up into innumerable building lots and sold for speculation, providing areas so opened up with new transit lines and utilities, long before the settlement is compact enough to pay the taxes and assessments on the services, and then, finally, when the area has been completely mangled, paying a great advance in price for the necessary school sites and playground areas, in most cases so

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Not merely does our present method automatically wipe out the possibility of a sound community development; but in the very platting of the streets it creates a large unnecessary expense. Mr. Robert Whitten, for example, shows in a comparison of the cost of utilities in a standard New York street, as compared with a neighborhood plan, that the total cost for a regulation lot is $856.31 for the present type, while it is only $485.09 for the neighborhood plan.

Our present scheme of city development, with its premium upon early subdivision and speculation, makes the economies of large-scale operations impossible except in a completely unsettled area. In order to gather together a neighborhood sufficiently large to be planned and developed as a whole, a new financial charge, the charge for assemblage, has to be added; and without the power of public condemnation, the builder is at the mercy of the first person who gets wind of the fact that the tract as a whole is in demand.

In introducing the insulated neighborhood community as a unit of city development, Mr. Perry has made a valuable clarification which was worked out in practice, at about the same time, in Radburn, New Jersey. There is no doubt as to either the economy or the social necessity of this type of development. But the concept is unrealizable by any scheme of two-dimensional planning: it needs planning in four dimensions, that is, the timely municipal purchase of the land, the building of houses as part of the neighborhood unit, as well as streets and parks, and the setting up of an administrative authority which will carry the whole project through *in time*. This involves the coördination of city-planning and housing authorities, as has been done, for example, at Amsterdam and at Frankfort-am-Main. To conceive of neighborhood communities and to rely upon the fitful and unreliable efforts of a limited-dividend company to achieve them, is to accept our present chaos and disorder and waste as inevitable.

Unfortunately, in housing the Russell Sage planners are prevented by their prejudices and their principles from looking the problem full in the face. "The housing problem in New York," says Mr. Adams blandly, "differs in character and in some of its divisions and origins from that of other great cities. This is particularly so in its economic aspects. For example, the problem is less associated with real poverty than it is in great European cities. It might almost be said that the greatest problem in New York up to the present has been to provide more healthful accommodation for those having sufficient income to pay an economic rent, whereas the great problem in European countries has been to make provisions for those who cannot pay an economic rent."

When one remembers that there are still 66,000 insanitary old-law tenements in New York, when one remembers that the New York State Housing and Regional Planning Commission, more closely and authoritatively in touch with the problem than Mr. Adams, stated that two-thirds of the population could not afford housing that met modern standards of sanitation and decency, one wonders whether the rest of Mr. Adams' generalizations are as subjective and unreal as those he makes on housing.

basic housing problem in this area by simply placing it in the category of a general social problem whose solution lies outside the province of the planner. The reason for Mr. Adam's diffidence here is plain: he believes that "all housing should be economic, in the respect that it should yield a fair return on the investment in building and land." Since two-thirds of the needed housing in New York cannot come under this head, the report suggests no method for dealing with it. "The state and city should, however," he believes, "give financial aid in the poorest quarters of the city toward the acquisition of parks and playgrounds, the improvement of sanitary conditions, the widening of streets and the opening of lanes through congested blocks. It should also encourage the investment of money at a low rate of interest for low-cost housing." These would have been brave and heartening words if Mr. Adams had written them for the Tenement House Report of 1884. They are a little inadequate now.

But the fear of giving state and municipal aid for the building of houses would be a little more convincing if the Regional Plan were not so lavish in investing public moneys on every device that will increase congestion and permit the constant growth of the metropolitan area. The city has been subsidizing subway travel, since 1918, to the extent of something more than one cent a ride. Mr. Daniel Turner, an authority on transit, shows in Volume Four that future transportation needs will cost the city, after 1940, some $350 per capita for every million people added to the population of the metropolitan area—which would be something more than an investment of $1,400 per family merely to provide transportation from dingy and unsalubrious areas of residence to an overbuilt skyscraper center. This amount would be a tidy aid to housing; and if the housing were properly correlated with the recentralization of big business and commerce and the decentralization of industry, it would go a long way toward making the transportation bill lower, if not wholly unnecessary, since, on the Regional Plan's own showing, there is room for another three million people within the present city of New York, without rebuilding and repopulating its blighted areas.

Megalopolitan centralization tends to sink into the business of mechanical movement the resources that a regional scheme of distributing the population in balanced communities would expend on equipment that directly subserves the life and welfare and health and education of the community. *The colossal highway and rapid-transit schemes outlined by the Regional Plan are really an alternative to a community building program;* certainly not a means to it. The fact that financiers and bankers will sink money into obsolete forms of business enterprise which once were profitable, and have nothing but indifference for the more modest possibilities for profit that conservative forms of investment like housing and city development present, does not give the Regional Plan's scheme any greater validity. The bankers miscalculated our capacity to absorb skyscrapers; they may easily make a similar mistake about our capacity to absorb tunnels, bridges and transit systems.

Metropolitan growth has its own inherent limitations. In "The Sociology of City Life," Professor Niles Carpenter points out that there is some evidence that "a process of the increase of costs, because of the lengthening of the lines

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Further than this, it appears probable that, barring important technological improvements, most extensions of transportation facilities will before long involve increasing costs, and hence eventuate in a situation where continued extensions, and the urban growth predicated upon them, cease to be economically feasible."

What is true for food and transit lines is true for water, sewage disposal, garbage disposal, as the Regional Plan itself points out. It may be difficult to define the limits of metropolitan concentration: but one cannot doubt that they exist. Blighted areas, unbalanced budgets, bankruptcy, are the symptoms of decay: the first warnings of a much greater collapse. The Russell Sage planners have succumbed to the illusion from which the average American of Middletown suffered during the boom period: he spent his money riotously on a new-model car every year, while his house was leaky and obsolete and his neighborhood was a civic disgrace. The mere fact that we produce motor cars and transit systems more easily than we produce balanced conceptions of personal domestic life and of civic existence is certainly no proof that we are not riding swiftly towards disaster.

An Obsolete Pattern

Now, the fact is that the basic pattern of Megalopolis, as the Russell Sage planners have accepted it, is anachronistic: it does not conform to our modern social and economic needs. Its streets and blocks were designed for easy speculation: they "work" only in so far as lots are as negotiable and fluid as Wall Street paper. The skyscrapers of Megalopolis were designed to obtain a maximum income out of land made exorbitantly expensive by speculation on future congestion: they "work" only in so far as they can uphold these paper values, and no heights-of-building regulations which would upset this false scale of values would be tolerated by our bankers and our realty interests. The subways and other modes of transportation were designed to facilitate congestion and to increase the outlying tributary areas: they, too, "work" only in so far as they are overcrowded.

Our present municipal governments reflect in the political sphere the anachronisms and basic inefficiencies of our physical equipment. These governments operate on the premise that a majority of the population is indifferent, poverty-stricken, slum-dwelling, demoralized. Municipal politics "work" only so long as the mass of the citizens remain in this state. The vested interests of the metropolis, therefore, are in impermanence, speculative facilities, low degree of living amenities, congestion, indifference, poverty, corruption and demoralization: this is the basic metropolitan complex, well described by Spengler in "The Decline of the West," and incisively formulated by the late Sir Patrick Geddes in his diagram of the rise and fall of cities: Polis: Metropolis: Megalopolis: Parasitopolis: Patholopolis: Necropolis.

Any effort to relieve or reconstitute the metropolis must go *against* the basic pattern; for to carry it further is only to broaden its capacities for mischief. The ever rising cost of running Megalopolis, a cost which increases directly with the size of cities, depends upon a proportionate rise in property values and a proportionate increase in the total income. The present economic scheme of the big city, in other words, depends upon a *stable income* from an investment that becomes ever more speculative, unstable and insecure. Already the curves of increased land values and increased income, due to financial concentration, are beginning to fall off: with our present economic crisis, the city faces a drastic deflation. At the same time the operating costs, as the Russell Sage planners show, become steeper and steeper. This way lies not eventual stabilization within the obsolete pattern that the Regional Plan has affirmed and endeavored to bring to perfection, despite the fact that the perfection of the bad is an even more sinister process than the corruption of the good: on the contrary, the present city, already scaled up to expectancies of enormous increases in population and increment of land values, faces complete bankruptcy. One of the merits of the Regional Plan, about which its makers are not apparently inclined to boast, is that it might, if thoroughly acted upon, hasten the inevitable collapse and deflation.

Suburbanism and Blighted Areas

The Regional Plan's belief in two-dimensional planning causes the planners to look for all remedy and relief in the unbuilt areas, where such planning is still theoretically possible. It prevents them from asking a critical question: namely, whether the city can afford to aid and subsidize such growth.

Now, growth in suburban areas cannot be taxed by the central municipality, although it is aided by all the municipally supported enterprises, including libraries, museums, hospitals, which exist in the center. Suburban growth, moreover, by draining out the residential areas of the city, increases the blight and lessens the taxes and assessments there. Meanwhile, the direct costs of congestion are steadily mounting. Water, which now costs from thirty to sixty to these new cities [illegible] the N[illegible]

1965: the figures on the cost of transportation in future have already been cited. Even Mr. Adams admits that this process cannot go on indefinitely: he admits that "there are limits, from an economic point of view, beyond which even Manhattan cannot go in burdening the community with the cost of transit lines, elevated streets, tubes, bridges and tunnels."

How does he propose to face this fact? Unfortunately, his philosophy of planning causes him to reject the conditions that are precedent to finding a solution. These are: (1) lessen the pressure of congestion in Lower Manhattan by recentralizing the business areas of the metropolis; (2) lay down new cities and direct the exodus of industry

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housing, such as that promoted in England, Germany and Russia; (3) rebuild the blighted areas and take care of part of the increase of population, while it continues, by a process of intensive internal colonization. By proper planning this will increase the amount of open park and playground spaces, even though the density of population is increased above that of the two-story frame-house districts of South Brooklyn and Newark.

Genuine regional planning, as distinguished from the superficial metropolitan planning to which the Russell Sage planners are committed, is not content to accept any of the factors in city growth as outside human foresight and control. If we cannot create better urban conditions without changing our present methods and institutions and controls, we must be prepared to change them: to hold that the present means are sacred and untouchable is to succumb to a superstitious capitalistic taboo.

The validity of the Regional Plan laid down by Mr. Adams and his associates is undermined by the fact that it is based upon the assumption that pressure within the metropolitan area is inevitable and unalterable. But within a few short years one item has, to their surprise, changed: the rural counties have grown faster than they expected: there is, they say, "an indication of a back-to-the-land movement." The cessation of immigration, the drift to the open country, intensified by the uncertainties and exacerbations of life in the congested metropolis, the collapse of the myth of prosperity, the exodus of industry from the central areas, have all, even without social direction or positive aid, changed the set-up of the last decades. The growth at the center has not merely halted: in the last decade Manhattan lost 18.2 percent of its residential population. A prime condition for the radical treatment of congestion is already here: lessening of the pressure. If land values in the central areas are not artificially maintained, one of the conditions for rehabilitating the center will be present.

The economic reason for repairing the blighted areas should be plain. With curtailed budgets and resources, we must temporarily plant our new building where the costs of site development and utilities have already been met: namely, in those areas already adequately served by sewers, water mains, transportation services. This is not merely true of New York: it is equally true of Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Detroit—in fact, of every city that has been on the make and overexpanding during the past twenty years. None of these municipalities can continue to afford the luxury of blighted areas. The exodus of population from these miserable run-down neighborhoods must be prevented: but the only way in which it can be prevented is by razing them and rebuilding them as desirable neighborhood communities, with healthy, efficient houses and better sunlight, air, garden space and playgrounds than most of the suburbs can boast for the higher income classes which they chiefly serve. In the case of the large areas of two and three-story buildings throughout the metropolitan area, the population can, as Mr. Henry Wright has suggested in The Architectural Record, be more intensively housed, with an increase of usable open space. Whether Mr. Wright's particular solution be desirable and feasible or not, he has at least defined an important field of investigation within

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period still buoying him up, Mr. Adams rejects this possibility. "Mr. Henry Lee Block, vice-president of the Long Island Title Guarantee Company," says Mr. Adams, "has pointed out that one of the greatest needs in the city of New York is to rebuild large areas that have become deteriorated and that only by large-scale developments can this be successfully accomplished. Whole neighborhoods are involved in these improvements, for, as Mr. Block points out, builders cannot obtain profit from erecting one new building in a blighted neighborhood." Mr. Adams goes on to say: "In considering what can be done in the central as compared with suburban areas, this question again recurs, namely, why, if it be true that a certain openness is desirable for health in the suburbs, should not the same degree of openness be attempted in the central areas, in spite of the enormous cost. The answer is mainly that the citizens have convinced themselves that the idea is unattainable in the center."

The answer is rather that Mr. Adams and his investigators apparently at no point in their survey took any serious account of the problem or asked themselves how it could be met. On the contrary, they have prepared elaborate plans, to be carried out only at a staggering cost, to lead the population farther and farther out into the suburbs, without bothering to ask what will become of the wasted districts that remain. At present, the tenements in the Lower East Side do not, according to the Regional Plan, earn a return proportionate to the assessed value of the property: if this goes on without a change in use, this property will presently be recapturable for state-aided housing at more modest rates—all the more because a change in use grows less likely, with the overbuilding of office buildings and lofts in other parts of the city. As for the "enormous cost," Mr. Adams was doubtless thinking only of the old super-congested East Side, where the land is still too expensive for economic housing: but he was forgetting the cheaper areas where, without the intensive congestion, the blight is just as deep and disreputable.

Many of the blighted areas in the metropolitan district are at least fifty or sixty years old; but a good part of the cheap building in Queens during the last ten years already constitutes a blighted area and must be rebuilt presently, if it is not to be a constant economic burden to the city. In spite of tax exemption, in spite of differential assessments, favoring the small houseowner, the amount owed to the city in uncollected taxes in 1930 was $113,492,006, and in assessments, $53,375,219. Of the latter, no less than $22,294,201 represented the amount due in Queens, with its extensive speculative developments of new subdivisions.

To further the extension of the metropolitan district while these conditions prevail in the developed sections is a suicidal policy. It is only because the Regional Plan is committed, by reason of its faith in the magic of population graphs and in skyscrapers, to the policy of expansion that it did not even bother to make a serious study of the comparative costs of reversing the past order of expansion and rebuilding the metropolitan area from within. If there is room for three million people on the unbuilt land, at a density of ten houses per acre, there would be room, at a rough guess, for another five million on the areas that are now hopelessly blighted in the region at large: a good part

the population predictions for the region proved true, a more sound social and economic policy would consist of making the maximum use of the existing built-up area—instead of obliterating more of the countryside and spilling out in the sort of growth which, by the very terms accepted by the Regional Plan, could not be appreciably more orderly or more effective than that already achieved.

Meanwhile, if the new factors that have entered into the situation must be given more weight than the Russell Sage planners are willing to allow, there is further reason for metropolitan reconstruction from within. In the long run even our banks and insurance companies, wild and reckless though their conduct has been in promoting congestion, may be forced to write off the spurious land values that are on their books and accept a reasonable compensation in order to promote sound replacements. In all probability, the city itself will have to go through a period of bankruptcy, canceling its fictitious values, its false hopes, its spurious ambitions. Then, and not till then, will rebuilding on a large scale be possible in the congested areas, although Mr. Henry Wright gives us reason to think that with skillful planning and large-scale operations it might be done on areas where the land costs are still low. This sort of internal reconstruction is an example whereby cities that are already wastefully overexpanded, like Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago, could vastly profit.

The construction of completely planned neighborhood units within the existing centers is worth undertaking for itself, it goes without saying: but it is also a key to eventual municipal solvency, and to obtaining the advantages of open areas and public recreation grounds of convenient access outside the metropolitan district. If once we master the political and economic means of creating such communities within the existing city, we will have a means of creating them outside as well; and when industry is ready for completer rationalization and socialization, we may build up new regional cities outside the sphere of metropolitan influence. Transitory suburban dormitories which we wistfully call garden cities are no substitute for either form of constructive city development.

The Failure of Regional Plan "A"

What is the upshot of these criticisms of the "Survey and the Plan of New York and Its Environs"? With respect to basic method and plan the work is, I think, a monumental failure. The Regional Plan, by committing itself to a single hypothesis, and to an arbitrary area, failed to examine and to present alternative possibilities.

But the strategy of real planning, as Mr. Benton MacKaye has pointed out, is the strategy of warfare: one must provide plans A, B and C, in order that one may be ready, when an actual situation arrives, to throw them all in the scrapheap and improvise plan D. One such emergency is here: an economic depression; there will be other new factors in the future, many of which were plainly emergent in 1925.[1] Plan A, gigantic, comprehensive, closely articulated, is all that the Regional Plan possesses for meeting the situation.

If they discard it, they will lose seven years of effort. If they keep it, they will fail to deal with realities. Like the real-estate operators who went on building skyscrapers after 1929, their Plan assumes that in the essential bases of city development nothing will change during the next forty years. No assumption could be more fantastic than this. The very Plan that the Russell Sage planners have so confidently offered and so widely publicized makes it plain that decisive changes in the methods and the ends of city growth *must* take place—if we are to avoid complete ruin. If we follow the path to ruin, we cannot say in excuse that we were not warned. The very steps that the Regional Plan Association now urges us to take for the "improvement" of the city are fair enough warning indeed. The fact that the Russell Sage planners have treated their warnings as hopes and promises should not deceive us for a moment. We must thank them for presenting most of the facts: we are at liberty to draw our own conclusions.

The Sociological Failure of the Plan

The Russell Sage plan is not the first comprehensive plan for providing for the future growth of the city. Like Washington, New York is a planned city; but, unlike Washington, New York did not have the direct influence of the city-building tradition of the Renaissance, imported by Major L'Enfant: the plan of 1811 was conceived from the narrower standpoint of merchants and land-speculators, and its aim was to create the maximum number of building lots and street frontages.

The Regional Plan, while not as official as that of 1811, is nevertheless not so different as it might, by reason of its technical elaboration and its more humane professions, appear. It, too, was conceived first of all in terms which would meet the interests and prejudices of the existing financial rulers: indeed, the very project was conceived by and sponsored originally by enlightened members of this caste, and its aim, from the beginning, was as much human welfare and amenity as could be obtained without altering any of the political or business institutions which have made the city precisely what it is.

Both the planners of 1811 and those of 1931 believed in the Manifest Destiny of New York. One saw Manhattan Island, the other the metropolitan region, as a limited area, waiting to be filled up. As it happened, the plan of 1811 became technologically obsolete within less than a generation, when the growth of railroad transportation reduced the need for numerous cross-streets from waterfront to waterfront: but the early planners succeeded by their large-scale methods and their flat disregard for existing communities, such as that in Harlem, in putting their city in a strait-jacket from which it has not escaped

[1] See "Regional Pl...

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transit and highway system proposed by the Regional Plan for the metropolitan district as a whole may prove such another strait-jacket. In this place one may well remember Mr. Herbert Croly's excellent words in The Architectural Record for July, 1904: "If a city needs new streets and buildings, let them be built, of course; but contemporary work should be restricted to contemporary needs, and no attempt should be made to build very much for a future that may be much better capable of building for itself."

In both cases, the planners were thinking either of the physical city alone, or of those even greater abstractions, the plots and values and investments and trends of population. Meanwhile, *they completely neglected the sociological fact of the city*—a collection of groups, within a limited area, housed in appropriate permanent structures, serving the common life in related institutions. *The city in its complete sense,* a physical organization, an institutional process, an esthetic reality, an incorporation of groups, *cannot be increased indefinitely in size;* for to be effective, the nuclear institutions must, beyond a certain point in growth, split up again into units conceived on the human scale and responsive to human needs and human requirements.

Without the whole corps of essential civic institutions, in active operation and in continual process of renewal, every new area added to the city is by definition a blighted or suburban area—an area devoid of citizens because destitute of the very organs of citizenship. The political corruption of the city, its gangsterdom, its thieving officialdom, its demoralized police, its lax and apathetic public, is not an accidental result but an inevitable product of inorganic forms of urban growth.

That the growth of the city is something other than a process of extending transit lines and laying down blank subdivisions is obliquely presented in just one part of the Report—that on the neighborhood unit. But what applies to this unit applies to the city as a whole; for the nucleus is not alone the school, but all the other social groups and institutions which make the difference between an integrated corporate life and a private, isolated life. Through the concentration of rich individuals, the present financial metropolis claims a disproportionate share of the institutions of art and culture in the country; but by the very act of expanding its urban areas, it removes or lessens the opportunity to enjoy these advantages on the part of any considerable share of its population.

When one speaks of "decentralization"—Mr. Adams remains willfully obtuse on this point and at various times seeks valiantly to confuse the issue—when one speaks of decentralization one naturally means something more than the decentralization of the overburdened physical plant and equipment of the metropolis: one means equally the spread and reintegration of the organs of the common life; and no form of city growth is tolerable which does not supply this opportunity. To conceive of an expanding physical plant and a contracted area of sub-urban cultural and civic opportunity, such as now takes place in our present form of expansion, is to conceive of the death of the city as a social organization—although, like any dead and putrefying organism, such a metropolis may show unwelcome signs of

As an instance of the failure of the Russell Sage planners to consider any other aspect than the physical and financial one, one may take its failure to mention the possibility of coördinating a recentralization of its facilities with the needs of our universities, our museums and our library system for greater diffusion and wider influence. The planners mention the necessity of permitting the extension of the already preposterously overgrown Metropolitan Museum of Art in Central Park: but that this extension might profitably take place, as suggested in the example of Barnard's "Cloisters," by the building of well covered specialized museums in other parts of the region, is not even hinted at or examined as a possibility.

The same is true of universities. The three leading institutions of higher learning in New York have already taken partial steps, as a necessity of administration, towards founding centers in other boroughs and towns: in terms of regional development, rather than of metropolitan aggrandizement, the Regional Plan might have contributed impetus and intelligent direction to this movement. The planners' blindness here gives their polite gestures in favor of "garden cities" and "recentralization," words that recur frequently throughout the report, an entirely Pickwickian flavor.

The weakness of the Russell Sage planners in this department is not unique: it reflects the lack of adequate sociological study and preparation of American planners generally, a lack not without parallels in Europe. But how can any body of men plan cities and the relationship of cities to each other and to their regional background, if it lacks even an elementary conception of what the city, as such, is? If buildings, streets, transportation system, constituted a city, the Russell Sage plan might be inadequate, but it would be at least founded on a present-day reality. But since the physical plant is only one aspect of a city's being, the Russell Sage plan is inadequate in its basis as well as in its superstructure.

Almost a generation ago Patrick Geddes read a paper before the Sociological Society in London on "Civics as Concrete and Applied Sociology." The conception of the city which he set forth there in elementary form—the city as "Town," "School," "Cloister" and "University"—has not yet percolated through to the planners and the municipal engineers: they still think it is possible to plan merely the physical organization of the "Town." But this means that such planners are dealing only with a vicious abstraction—a physical equipment unrelated to the life-needs and the spiritual impulses that bring men together in groups.

"Men come together," said Aristotle, "in order to live: they remain together in order to live the good life." Until the planner has a guiding notion as to what the good life in his generation is, how it is expressed in communities, what organs must be created for it, his elaborate surveys and his vast engineering projects will remain disoriented—disoriented and wasteful. The lack of a sociological concept of the city is at one with the planners' lack of an organic geographical concept of the region: it means a failure to approach the problem scientifically and to make use of such tentative results as already have been achieved. Maps, charts, tabulations, surveys, statistical analyses, are useful accessories of thought: they do not take the place

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Lacking an adequate technical and scientific method, a good part of the Russell Sage investigation was futile, not because accurate answers were not found, but because the correct questions were not asked.

In what way, then, does the Survey and Report serve as a model? Like the city with which it so largely deals, it is a warning rather than a good example. Every proposal that the Russell Sage planners bring forward could be carried into effect immediately, and yet the existing metropolis would remain remarkably the same, and it would lack a good part of the desirable and attainable attributes of a great city. It would still contain large areas of slums and blighted districts. The central areas and a good part of the suburbs would still be inadequately served with parks and playgrounds; except for Manhattan, there would also be a dearth of civic and cultural institutions. The amount of private capital available for housing and city building would still be infinitesimal in relation to need. The amount of energy wasted in the tedious transportation of human bodies would still run into millions of man-hours per day; and if the plan proposals were carried out, this would be greatly increased. The crowding, the congestion, the wear and tear, the enervation, so much more impressive in human terms than even in estimated expenditures and wastes of money, would still be up to our present standards of misery. (Mr. Adams' belief that overcrowding on transportation lines can be remedied contradicts both common experience and expert opinion.)

In short, the Regional Plan, since it carefully refrains from proposing measures which would lead to the effective public control of land, property values, buildings and human institutions, leaves the metropolitan district without hope of any substantial changes, or more than minor and accessory improvements. In the future, even more than in the past, school budgets and playground appropriations would be lessened in order that the interest on municipal indebtedness for transportation could be paid.

The older school of city planners who initiated the movement for the City Beautiful in the nineties were later condemned as superficial because they did little more than map out boulevards and create civic centers. The condemnation on the whole was just; but at least both the civic centers and the parkways were new elements in the American city's life: so far the work of these planners was positive and fruitful. The planners of New York and its environs would disdain the label of the City Beautiful: but their conception of the city is even more shallow. The city projected by the older school of planners at least *looked* a little more spacious and elegant. That was something.

In sum: the "Plan for New York and Its Environs" is a badly conceived pudding into which a great many ingredients, some sound, many dubious, have been poured and mixed: the cooks tried to satisfy every appetite and taste, and the guiding thought in selecting the pudding-dish was that it should "sell" one pudding to the diners, especially to those who paid the cooks. The mixture as a whole is indigestible and tasteless: but here and there is a raisin or a large piece of citron that can be extracted and eaten with relish. In the long run, let us hope, this is how the pudding will be remembered

Washington Notes

The Conventions—Quarreling Democrats—Mr. Shouse Sidetracked—Odds for F. D. R. —Owen D. and the Tax Bill

BY THE time this piece appears in print, the wheels of the Republican convention in Chicago will have begun to grind. The net result of the grinding will be the long forecast renomination of the Hoover-Curtis ticket and the adoption of the Hoover platform, including a resubmission plank on prohibition. It will, I think, be an even more uninspiring performance than had been expected, for the reason that practically all chance of spontaneity has been eliminated.

It is possible that somewhere the carefully laid plans may slip and a flash of some sort develop. But certainly every precaution has been taken and a more completely canned convention has rarely been in sight. The speeches of the temporary and permanent presiding officers have been read and approved by the White House. So, too, has the nominating speech of Mr. Hoover's Los Angeles oratorical friend. Indeed, two of the seconding speeches have been submitted and endorsed. The three Cabinet officers—Brown, Mills and Hurley—will be on the ground in charge and in telephonic communication with "the Chief." The leading progressive Senators will not be in attendance. The La Follettes have lost control of the Wisconsin delegation. Dr. France of Maryland, who is Hoover's only opponent, is not taken seriously and will get a negligible vote. All in all, the stage seems set for a thoroughly oiled, completely controlled and easily manipulated affair. But, how dull it promises to be, how very dull and depressing! This I think is a political mistake. If these administration politicians were really smart they would frame up some sort of show to give the crowd and the delegates a real chance to become emotional.

Perhaps it will come over the prohibition plank. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler and Jimmie Wadsworth may yet stir up some real, though futile, excitement. There may come a battle over the economic planks and over the one dealing with the war debts. With their complete control, it seems to me that Hoover's managers should encourage a certain amount of recalcitrancy. They would if they understood anything about political psychology.

Even with the Republican convention in session, the real interest of the country and the politicians will be concentrated upon the Democrats. In their convention there will be no lack of color, and no complaint as to the absence of friction. Developments of the past week make it clear that the bitterness between the Roosevelt and the anti-Roosevelt forces is real and deep. It will not now, I think, disappear if and when Mr. Roosevelt gets a majority of the delegates on the first or any other ballot. His sudden determination to sidetrack Mr. Shouse as permanent chairman has stiffened the purpose of the Smith group to oppose him to the end, majority or no majority.

I do not blame Roosevelt for not wanting Shouse as the

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tion. However, he did agree, and to go back on the agreement isn't, it seems to me, either good politics or good ethics. The fact that Mr. Shouse is against him, has been against him, has done everything he knew how against him and will do all he can against him, is not in my judgment a sound argument.

All this was well known to Governor Roosevelt, Mr. Farley and all his friends at the time the committee on arrangements met in Chicago. Shouse was accepted then "in the interests of harmony." He should not have been accepted. Roosevelt's friends knew what he was, they had control of the committee and could have sidetracked him altogether. That would have been good politics. To agree to him at first and then throw him out six weeks later, on the score that they had discovered he was not a Roosevelt man, seems to me ridiculous.

At this moment Mr. Shouse, in a belligerent mood, is talking fight and insisting he will be a candidate anyhow. If he is, he will in all probability be licked, as the Roosevelt forces not only should have the votes, but Mr. Shouse himself has nothing like the party influence of Tom Walsh. Also, Shouse's link-up with Raskob is a handicap. It seems, therefore, highly probably that the control of the whole organization of the convention will be in Roosevelt's hands.

One point which Mr. Shouse may make in his fight is that Walsh, like Barkley, is one of the Democratic Senators whose votes helped to jam the tariff rates on oil, coal, copper and lumber into the tax bills. There is considerable feeling on this score and there were several bitter denunciatory speeches from Democrats in the Senate concerning these tariff-voting Democrats. The accusation made is that neither Barkley nor Walsh should preside over a Democratic convention because they will be unable to touch upon the tariff without exposing the Democratic party to ridicule and that they have already contributed to the nullification of what should be its principal issue.

However, this argument is not apt to affect the results in the convention or the election. The people who want to vote against Hoover will not be changed by the inconsistencies, hypocrisy and ineptitude of the Democratic party at this session of Congress. Nor will the record on the tariff items of Walsh and Barkley prevent the Democrats from talking tariff in the campaign. It should embarrass them, but it will not. Nothing embarrasses them.

Summing up the Democratic situation: at this moment the odds seem fairly heavy that Roosevelt will be nominated despite the opposition. There is still an element of uncertainty, but apparently the real hurdle will be the two-thirds rule. Last week I would have said he could easily surmount this difficulty once his majority was clear. All I say now is that he has made the jump a little more difficult for himself.

Before I write next week Congress will probably have adjourned, though there is still prospect of a tie-up over economy and relief. But the members of House and Senate want to get away very badly. It is not so much that they yearn to attend their conventions as that they want to get back to their states and districts for per- clear are afraid of trouble in the general election. And, I might say, with reason.

To say that this Congress is unpopular with the people is trite. Every Congress is unpopular. This Congress is more unpopular than any I can remember. The resentment is not a partisan one. It is not directed against the Democrats or against the Republicans. The testimony of every informed person with whom I have talked in the last few weeks is emphatic concerning the extreme bitterness of the voters toward Congress. This is the real reason they want to get home quickly. They have a lot of work to do if they want to come back to Washington—and they all want to.

Before leaving the subject of Congress, I think the part that Mr. Owen D. Young played in the final passage of the tax bill should be told. Mr. Young, with one or two other highly important financial figures in New York, became highly alarmed about the situation three days before the final Senate vote was taken. He communicated his fears to the White House and was invited down. Seventeen Democratic Senators were asked in by Mr. Hoover to hear Mr. Young's views. The gravity of the crisis was explained by Mr. Young and the terrible consequences of further delay in "balancing the budget" graphically pictured. The seventeen Democratic Senators were badly scared, as most of them have a high regard for Mr. Young and believe in him. They went back to the Senate next day, cut the debate out and voted. They were scared, but not badly enough scared to support the sales tax, which was, I think, the real idea behind that nocturnal White House conference. However, that was where the bill was passed and Hoover's oral message to the Senate was an anti-climax. The agreement to vote had been reached before he went there, and the Democrats still fume at the credit he got for having driven them to it by a dramatic personal appeal.

Washington. T. R. B.

Not on the Ticker Tape

THE FORMATION of the Young Committee in New York and of similar committees in other central reserve cities represents an attempt to create the functional equivalent of a money trust. What Samuel Untermyer and the Senate searched for two decades ago—namely, a monstrous, autocratic money trust—has been singularly lacking in recent years. In the summer of 1929, for example, just before the deluge, there was a dangerous overissue of new securities in Wall Street. So-called investment bankers rushed to get out new certificates while the suckers were biting. There was no coördination, no intelligent regard for the absorption power of the market as a whole.

Behind the conception of a money trust is the thought of a directing, coördinating mind. Instead of having such autocratic or benevolently despotic leadership, Wall Street has drifted recklessly. It has had neither plan nor program. For two years, it uttered silly platitudes about letting liquidation take its course, although all scientific students

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standard, the bankers at length were scared, and became more willing to play ball with the administration and Reserve Bank authorities.

Yet until the Young Committee, consisting of six business men and six bankers, was formed as an instrument for coöperative action, the banks shied from acting on the suggestion made last October by George L. Harrison, governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, that they form a bankers' pool (which has now been created) for supporting the securities market, and bonds in particular. The pressure of opinion of the six industrialists, who represented bank depositors of outstanding importance, finally caused the bankers, who have been described as old ladies with shaken nerves, to act.

I do not belong to the new school of economics which believes that the road to prosperity lies in manipulating the markets. I consider the bankers' pool significant only as an agency for breaking the strike of banks against the bond market—and for aiding credit expansion. For nearly a year banks have been divesting themselves of bonds other than United States Government issues. Then, under its new open-market policy, the Federal Reserve System started out several months ago to repurchase government bonds from the banks, giving them in exchange non-income-producing excess reserves. The objective was to induce the banks to place such excess cash in loans and investments. Unable in their chaotic, individualistic manner to find an outlet for the additional credit manufactured by Federal Reserve reflation maneuvers, the banks were invited by Mr. Harrison, acting in close coöperation with Secretary Mills, to join with a group of industrialists to devise ways and means to put the credit to use. The first concrete suggestion was to aid the central bank of the savings and loan associations in New York. The next was the creation of the bond pool to enable the banks to act coöperatively in the investment market. Heretofore, venturesome banks had been afraid to buy, lest scared banks should liquidate at the same time.

Incidentally, the country in the last two years has paid a terrific price for archaic individualism in banking. Even if the United States is not yet ready for socialized banking, its dual system of state and national banks, widely scattered and uncoördinated, is primitive even in comparison with the small number of responsible chain banks in Canada and England. In the rule of the jungle which has prevailed in this country, the sensible bankers have had to trim sail to allow for the follies of the majority of their highly emotional, unscientific colleagues.

It seems to me significant that in the hour of emergency laissez-faire theory was rejected, and committees for cooperation were set up in the leading centers. Whether the suggestions they make prove futile or successful is beside the point. At least, the country has recognized the need of a more rational method of procedure. Out of the emergency Young Committee and similar committees in other centers could come permanent machinery for industrial planning and economic coördination. These committees at present are extra-legal, and are without authority. Yet they wield great potential power. Meeting three times a

In deflation, much of the stuffing has come out of the stuffed shirts. Highly press-agented personalities lost prestige as they faced harsh conditions. The roll call of the deflated would be long and tedious, but a few of its items are worth reading:

Lee, Higginson and Company, leader of the high-hat school of banking, has been hanging its collective head in shame ever since public disclosure was made of the fact that it loved Ivar Kreuger well, but not wisely.

Samuel Insull, one-time secretary to Thomas Edison and long public-utility king of the Middle West, has been dethroned. The strange edifice of interrelated companies which he built up through the years proved, under the pressure of adverse conditions, to be a house of cards.

Sidney Z. Mitchell, chairman of the Electric Bond and Share and chief keeper of the companies affiliated with the General Electric group, has been stripped of some of his magic wizardry as the securities which once went up so spectacularly have tumbled down with even greater celerity. The scheme by which directors canceled an unprofitable stock purchase by Mr. Mitchell and other officers and employees has made these usually reticent and exclusive financiers voluble in their own defense.

Waddill Catchings, as directing head of the Goldman Sachs Trading Corporation, was sought by all persons seeking "sound" stock-market tips before the panic. Later the company became a theme for vaudeville jokesters, and Mr. Catchings separated himself from his partnership in Goldman Sachs and Company.

S. W. Straus and Company has dropped from its advertising the slogan "Forty—— years without a loss to any investor." The epidemic of foreclosures on real-estate properties which it had financed made this advertising legend inappropriate, and instead the house turned to the marketing of a fixed investment trust, which has reflected the general decline in security prices.

The Van Sweringens of Cleveland, who rose to great riches after having started with newspaper routes, are not yet back to their original job, but the shrinkage in the value of their railroad holdings staggers the imagination.

J. Pierpont Morgan, as head of the most important banking firm in the world, has confined his public utterances since the panic to a radio appeal for block-aiding in New York. His inertia and lack of leadership suggest that, though he succeeded to his father's name and fortune, he did not inherit his strong qualities. The Morgan firm before the panic inferentially encouraged the parade of inflation, bringing out Standard Brands shortly before the debacle and the colossal United Corporation earlier in the year.

Charles E. Mitchell, of the National City Bank, was singled out as the chief goat during the panic. Since then he has been keeping singularly silent, apparently in the hope that his previous utterances might be forgotten, which if it were done would be a kindly act on the part of the public.

During the panic, Mr. Mitchell's chief rival, A. H. Wiggin of the Chase bank, was sitting on top of the world. Since that time, however, generosity in "rescue parties" has somewhat depreciated his personal stock—as well as the shares of the bank itself.

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use? Perhaps it can all be summed up in the words of a Wall Street friend of mine who observed: "Before October, 1929, a man in any other occupation was flattered if you mistook him for a banker. Nowadays a banker is flattered if you mistake him for almost anything else." There is the end of an era, or something, concealed in my friend's remark. L. M. N.

"Have at Thee, Hector"

Troilus and Cressida. Players' Club production. Moss' Broadway Theatre. June 6, 1932.

THIS PLAY of Shakespeare's has been done at Yale and in London, special occasions; but the distinction of presenting it now remains the same. From the time when it was entered by Master Robertes "for his copie" in 1603, and published in 1609, "Troilus and Cressida" has been about as unacted as a play could well be. It was an excellent move on the part of the Players' Club to undertake such a service to the theatre; and for this we must be grateful.

Shakespeare's version of the tale comes, with variations from his contemporaries, English or French, most directly from Chaucer, not from Homer. Chaucer had it from the "Filostrato" of Boccaccio, who had it from medieval romance and from Benoit's "Roman de Troie," of the twelfth century and from Guido delle Colonne, who had it from Benoit, who in turn had it from two pseudo-Homeric works in Latin. Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida" echoes backward and forward among his own works and wide range of moods. The discussions of problems of authorship, metrical style, diction, with regard to this play are numerous and easily got at. Certain readers have held it in high esteem; and it is easy to find within it full and complex passages and a close sense of relation to Shakespeare himself. Sometimes a certain immediacy, also, brings the thought and analysis sharply toward the modern; sometimes the passionate elements and the bitter sting of the motivation, concerning men but especially women and love, is such as would nowadays draw champions for the play. Obviously it is a loose and raddled structure as drama. The panorama of characters, shouting and love themes has no dramatic logic or line for any of its elements. Except for a moment in a scene now and then and except for lines from a great poetic energy and abundance in detail, I get from "Troilus and Cressida" very largely the effect of tapestry women, knights and battles; and though I am willing to allow the full Renaissance of this treatment, I feel constantly that it copes but idly with the strong outlines of these traditional heroes, who, though they end by acting in a Homeric manner, are constantly dissecting, chattering, flowering and flourishing in a way that belies their acts. Some people, however, may, either because Homer has already made these names into shapes intact and typical, or because they can take a genuine delight in Shakespeare's characterizings in this play—which are indeed often beautiful in sections at least—regard the "Troilus and Cressida" as both epic and golden at the same time.

My own choice would be to give the play as it stands, with what flow of scenes and motivations might or might not ensue. Mr. Henry Herbert, nevertheless, has done a rearrangement that shows great care and skill; and has achieved a structure that is doubtless as, to use Dryden's word, "sequacious" as may be to the dramatic line best understood in our day. The arranged version, and the agreeable settings by Mr. Charles B. Falls, tied together with a more than considerable success. The costumes, if without any great distinction, lent themselves warmly to the moment.

This is all taking the occasion as a presentation by some club of a drama that we never had the chance to see before, and very likely never shall see again, in stage form. Taking the occasion seriously, as an artistic event, from a very numerous group of actors, is quite another matter. With due allowances to the gracious intention and personal services, the good use of the profits, and the company's brief period of rehearsal together, it must still be said that the event was a dull affair, indicative and prophetic of what acting is and is coming to. No matter what your state may be, if you attack this high, broad mind and this full scale of Shakespeare, at the very least it should happen for you somewhat that,

> the bounded waters
> Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
> And make a sop of all this solid globe;
> Strength should be lord of imbecility.

At any rate, so the Greeks in the play chose to think. One must not look a gift horse in the mouth, no doubt; but after all this is not a Derby but the leading actors' club in the country doing the leading English dramatist's play. And by way of a wee contribution to the cause I bought my ticket. What's more, with Shakespeare, if you don't look to the players' mouths, where do you look?

All religions have their ironic intervals; and one of those in the Christian religion is that answer of the early fathers, defending the faith when it was thrown up to them that for five or six centuries there had been the story of Dionysos, born of a virgin by Zeus, carried off to a dark isle, passing through districts, worshiped, after death remembered with the cross, the bread and wine, and so on. Very well, said the fathers, it only means that the devil invented these matters thus ahead of time, so as to have an argument against us when we came along. The point of that allusion is only to say that, sitting there before the play, seeing so many players moving about so much, hearing those conscientious readings at verse—a few of them good enough, if rather diverse in style—and wishing that someone would stop still, march out toward us and deliver to us something of what verse is and what the complexity of the tone, measure and thought demand, I found myself thinking of lines in the very play that were in the nature of comments, as if Shakespeare had been the devil, creating these all those centuries ahead, for use against this pious moment.

For all that inconsequent moving about on the stage, Troilus' simile:

> Like a strange soul upon the Stygian bank.

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players, with their respective gesticulations and inaudible words:

He wears his tongue in his arms.

Or:

She fetches her breath so short as a new-taken sparrow.

Or:

Young men whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.

Or:

Would they but fat their thoughts!

Or, for some of the swollen, perhaps stellar, pride:

. . . lion sick, sick of proud heart;

Or for the delivery of the poor poet's mere lines:

Like a dewdrop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to airy air.

Or now and then for vocalization but small creation:

They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Or for one way of attacking your dramatic moment:

With such a hell of pain, and world of charge.

And finally, apropos of the actor's achieving no relation to the audience:

expressly proves
That no man is the lord of anything
(Though in and of him there be much consisting)
Till he communicate his parts to others.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Say It with Stamps

SIR: The passage of the heaviest taxation ever adopted in this country in time of peace should be accompanied by appropriate artistic devices on the stamps involved. The following designs would be fitting:

Three-cent stamp for letters: Portrait of Herbert Hoover.

Revenue stamp for checks: Portrait of Andrew W. Mellon, with the legend, "The greatest deficit since Alexander Hamilton."

Revenue stamp for electric-light bills: Portrait of Samuel Insull.

Revenue stamp for stock certificates: Portrait of Kreuger.

Revenue stamp for mortgages on dwelling houses: Picture of that garage for two cars (empty).

Z. CHAFEE, JR.

Harvard Law School, Cambridge, Mass.

Letters from Lafayette

SIR: I am preparing to publish the complete correspondence of General Lafayette. May I ask the use of your journal in order to appeal to owners of Lafayette materials among your readers? No matter how slight their collections, if they will address me at the University of Chicago, I shall be profoundly grateful.

LOUIS GOTTSCHALK,
Associate Professor of History,

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Group Discussions of Economic Planning

SIR: In view of the interest of The New Republic in economic and social planning, we should like to call your attention to the fact that a group was organized in Washington early last month for the purpose of discussing the principles and problems of planning. The group consists of economists, resident in Washington, who are in contact with developing conditions in the different industries of the country and who have special opportunities to study the statistical and economic facts underlying proposals for planning in special industries as well as economic planning on a national scale. We have held two sessions devoted to a discussion of "Proposals for Planning in Agriculture" and of "Statistics Needed for Economic Planning." It is the hope of our group that its studies and discussions may lead to a clarification of ideas and to suggestions of a practical nature.

From information at hand, we gather that similar groups are in process of formation in other cities. In the belief that such groups may have a useful function to perform in developing economic thinking in this country, and that they may gain from mutual contacts, we invite all such groups—economic clubs and other discussion societies having similar purposes—to communicate with us. Address Lewis L. Lorwin, at 722 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C.

LEWIS L. LORWIN, M. H. HEDGES, C. JUDKINS,
Washington, D. C. Executive Committee *pro tem.*

Not Three Weeks

SIR: In Mr. Matthew Josephson's review of the exhibition of mural decoration at the Museum of Modern Art he stated that the painters had only three weeks in which to prepare their panels. This is untrue. The painters had from six to eight weeks. Nobody regrets the haste which was necessary for the promotion of this exhibition more than those who were in charge. Such haste was unavoidable in the light of several contingencies.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN,
For the Advisory Committee of the
New York City. Museum of Modern Art.

SIR: Even if Mr. Kirstein had given his wall-painters "from six to eight weeks" to turn themselves into Paolo Ucellos, or at least Diego Riveras, the results speak painfully enough for themselves. But the reviewer of the mural exhibition based his report upon a letter of invitation addressed by Mr. Kirstein to a widely known young American painter (widely known for his laborious and painstaking method), allowing *only twenty-one days* for completion of a mural painting. However, Mr. Kirstein's regretful apologies for the shortness of time and haste imposed, in the light of whatever "contingencies," are duly noted and accepted.

Gaylordsville, Conn. MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.

Are Women Organisms?

SIR: All my feminist anger rose in fury on reading Lee Simonson's article about feminine fashions ["Stay, Gentle Stays," The New Republic, April 27]. In it there are revelations of an attitude toward women which is offensive and not helpful. The essential trouble with discussions like this one is that they regard women primarily as organisms (if not organs) entirely subordinated to masculine judgment and final disposal. They regard these organisms as having a complexity of problems that offer endlessly delightful speculation. This speculation can be highly personal because the male speculator regards these organisms as designed to be supplementary to his own. He believes himself competent to analyze them as he would his own most intimate prerequisites. But there is no danger of embarrassment by such personal discussion since he can always segregate and despise these problems as feminine.

The misfortune is that an ethical precept of immense importance is violated. That precept is the one of respect for personality; for personal sensitivities and sensibilities.

It is not Mr. Simonson's subject matter which is objectionable. It's his wisecracking clever-clever tone

Shooting Star

The Works and Life of Christopher Marlowe, edited under the general direction of R. H. Case. New York: The Dial Press. 6 vols. $4 each, except the volume containing the Life, which is $3.50.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE is the darling of the Romantics in English literature. It is not enough to say that he was the fountainhead of Elizabethan blank verse from which Shakespeare drank, took his fill, and opened new channels to the sea. What is even more important is the symbolic value that he has held for the Romantics from Keats to Swinburne; here was the Byronic figure, cloaked in Gothic mystery: all that was attributed to Marlowe's name was written in six years, then blasphemy and murder, his remains upon the stone floor of an English inn—and this a full two hundred years before Byron was born.

Marlowe's legend and his works were of one piece: violence, mystery, death, encircling a central theme—ambition. Here is the Renaissance hero, climbing out of the darkness of the Middle Ages, scaling glassy walls into the new world, into the sunlight of Queen Elizabeth's court. Victory for Tamburlaine the shepherd until he wars against heaven itself, victory for Barabas the Jew until he conquers Malta—he who was no less than Machiavelli—and then for Faustus, who stood at Satan's side, high in air, the world spinning below him, no greater victory than this!—but with a foretaste of death on his lips: he had climbed too rapidly, too far. At last there is Marlowe's own epitaph:

> And burnéd is Apollo's laurel bough.

In 1925 a few facts concerning Marlowe's death were made definitive. Mr. Leslie Hotson appeared with his documents showing how Marlowe was killed by a certain Ingram Frizer, an oily, respectable coney-catcher in the service of Marlowe's patron (soon to be knighted by the Queen) Thomas Walsingham. At the time of the murder there were four men, including Marlowe, in the drinking party at the inn. All four had a neat record for misbehavior in the files, for even the poet had been brought before the privy council on charges of atheism. Yet they were well protected by a wealthy patron, and Marlowe had journeyed to France on secret business for the Queen's ministers. To the right of Marlowe was the hope of favor at Court; to the left, London's underworld, a pit as deep and fiery as Barabas's cauldron; but his life was ended before he could either rise toward the one or be hurled into the other.

If Marlowe lacked experience in his brief life, this much he knew: that the step upward was a short leap—vigor, boldness and one sure stroke of genius would effect his purpose—but a fall was fatal. Whatever else he had to say was drawn from rapidly assimilated knowledge, filched overnight from Ovid, Virgil, a map or two, and crude translations from French and German.

In "The Sacred Wood," T. S. Eliot remarked that Marlowe had learned much from the first books of Spenser's "Faerie Queen." The possibility exists, but only on the condition that Marlowe had seen them written in manuscript. An even more plausible explanation is this: Spenser and Marlowe came from Virgil; his music rang in their ears; they could not forget its overtones of lyrical richness, [illegible] them well, transformed the classic image to his own speech. But he soon grew impatient of the classic mold: the fragment, "Hero and Leander," is the least of all his poetry.

Throughout his work there are signs of haste, of a quick fusion of two moods, Gothic and classical, but always with the Gothic predominating. The clean outlines of the Greco-Roman myth are shattered; the legend is forced into a new pattern, out of which the egocentric hero emerges with the lightning of melodrama flashing from Jove's thunderbolts.

Of the plays themselves, "The Jew of Malta" deserves a brief defense. T. S. Eliot has already suggested a fresh interpretation: to take the entire performance as a farce, planned with a trick at the very end to feed the raw appetites of an Elizabethan audience. This is a brilliant, valuable but precipitate exit from the problem. Much remains unsaid, for the play, even as slapstick, declines after a full-bodied first act. If we accept the three major plays, "The Jew of Malta," "Tamburlaine" and "Doctor Faustus," as different aspects of a central theme, written in the order that I have placed them here, the character of Barabas takes on actual significance. He is then not merely Shakespeare's lay figure for Shylock, but Marlowe's hero, a symbol of human ambition, the Jew who outwits a world of enemies and, for a brief moment, is omnipotent. Here Faustus is foreshadowed but refuses to crystallize. The adequate tragic symbol is yet to be found; still Barabas has one advantage over his rival, Shylock; he is a strong man, this arch Jew of the Renaissance; there is no compromise, no turning back upon the road he has taken. If we admire him at all, it is not because of his resemblance to the rest of mankind, but for his inhumanity, his stoical rejection of his daughter, his plot to usurp all of Malta's wealth and power. In his hands all Christian ethics are inverted with a headlong reckless force which gives him something that resembles moral strength. Marlowe had dared charges of atheism; still, he could not dare to carry Barabas to his logical conclusion—such blasphemy was a step beyond madness. All that could be retained of the play was its tempo, that of a highly colored farce, but whatever Barabas had left undone was to be cast in enduring form by Doctor Faustus.

In "Tamburlaine" and "Doctor Faustus," Marlowe's blank verse reaches its early climax; in fact, "Tamburlaine" seems less a play than a vigorously sustained narrative poem. Its action is the long march of the conqueror across two continents: his tents are white, then red, then black—fire and charred ruins; a march onward over the bodies of the dead. The scenes are repetitious and Tamburlaine's strength is cumulative; he is Marlowe's hero in full bloom; nor does he age. His mortal sickness at the play's end is like a sword thrust from the sky, his victories reëcho down the stage; his death but not his life is soon forgotten.

Zenocrate, Tamburlaine's empress, is the completed version of Queen Dido and Abigail. Unlike the alert, masculine Shakespearean women who followed her, her words are understatements and her subtleties are whispered. She is a voice heard against the wind, yet distinct—all the minor notes of love and sorrow are hers; and her death is scarcely tragedy at all, but an episode conveying that passage of time by which Tamburlaine's great reservoirs of energy and physical power are drained and his own death is foretold.

In contrast to "Tamburlaine," "Doctor Faustus" seems [illegible] compact. We are thrown back into the sultry,

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wide plains of Asia, Africa, or speeches like these, spoken by hopeful kings who had not learned to fear conquest:

> Go frowning forth, but come thou smiling home
> As did Sir Paris with the Grecian dame.
> Return with speed time passeth swift away. . . .

Doors seem to close round Doctor Faustus's study, multiple doors of the city and of exhausted fetid air. The trap springs open: Mephistophilis appears, and from the moment of his entrance onward Marlowe's verse rises in power. None of the Romantics who sought out a revival of medieval terror and mystery could match the eloquence of these swift and broken scenes from "Faustus." Surely it was no accident that Goethe seized upon the materials of the Faust legend; here was a rock from which Romantic literature could strike fire, the single tragedy that Marlowe wrote in which his violence effected a catharsis.

It has always been the assumption that had Marlowe lived into middle age he would have grown beyond the stature he had gained in six short years. Any number of possibilities are left open for speculation and not the least of them is this: What little we can gather from the known facts of his life cautiously selected by Tucker Brooke and included in this edition of his work, was that he was a young man with a life of action before him. His family was not mean, but respectably obscure. He left Cambridge not as a poet, but as a personable young gentleman with an eye toward preference at the Queen's court; at the time of his death he was living at Deptford under the patronage of Thomas Walsingham. His plays were popular, but brought him little in the way of prestige or money. He was restive as well as reckless and prodigal. Unless we disregard the central problem of his plays, an interest in power and a career for its own sake, it would be difficult to think of Marlowe settling down to the sedentary life of a writer. His death, but not the end of his career as a poet, was an unforeseen accident.

It would be ungracious not to praise this sturdily bound, well printed edition of his work prepared under the general editorship of R. H. Case. The notes are excellent and the typographical errors are rare. Mr. Case's collaborators, including such well known Marlowe authorities as Tucker Brooke and F. S. Boas, are uniformly conscientious. H. S. Bennett's introductions to "The Jew of Malta" and "The Massacre at Paris" are far above the average; Mr. Bennett has a clear and active prose style by means of which he makes even the dullest of routine commentary vital and interesting.

HORACE GREGORY.

Middle Class Socialism

American Outpost: A Book of Reminiscences, by Upton Sinclair. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 280 pages. $2.50.

WHAT MAKES Upton Sinclair's autobiography interesting—in spite of the hasty writing, the tantalizingly inadequate glimpses of remarkable people and the emphasis on temperance, diet and telepathy—is the renewed impression it gives of the quality of American socialism in Upton Sinclair's formative years. I am thinking of the socialism of middle-class writers, of course, not of the mass movement; and observing to what an extent it was a form of "protest," of "revolt," even of personal "rebellion," and not a genuine abandonment of the middle class and all its wa[illegible]. The [illegible] of Jack London, who was the first president of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, which Sinclair founded; who signed his letters "Yours for the Revolution"; and who wrote "The Iron Heel" and "The War of the Classes." It was also Jack London who wrote to Cloudesley Johns: "I flatter myself that I am one of the rare socialists who have ever succeeded in making money out of their socialism"; who admired Theodore Roosevelt; and who, after resigning from the Socialist party because it was not truly revolutionary, advocated the entrance of the United States into the War on the side of the Allies. London was but two years older than Upton Sinclair; and his personal background—in a respectable family, once moderately prosperous and then gradually impoverished—was not very different from what Sinclair describes his own as being.

The two men are by no means chips of the same block merely: Jack London never wrote, could never have written, such a book as "The Jungle" or "Boston"; and Upton Sinclair could never have written "The Call of the Wild" or "White Fang." Yet, if one is reminded of London in reading "American Outpost," it is not only because he is one of the figures in it. One is reminded of him, and of "John Barleycorn," when Sinclair observes that "The prohibition question was settled for our time when the women of America got the ballot." One is reminded of him when, with his always admirable candor, Sinclair remarks, in telling the story of "The Jungle," "I had now 'arrived'"; and, a little later, quotes a newspaper friend of his as saying: "Sinclair, the first thing you need to learn is to charge"—"So I doubled my price to the next paper," he adds, "and might just as well have quadrupled it." There is perhaps a touch of London in the observation that the League for Industrial Democracy "has not merely Laidler, but Norman Thomas also, and we raise about fifty thousand dollars a year"; and in the story of Sinclair's play "The Millennium," which Belasco accepted and, after a long delay, abandoned: "So vanished one more of those dreams which haunted me for ten years or more, of earning a lot of money and starting another colony." Needless to say, what strikes one in all these passages is not something blackly discreditable: it is the interesting confusion of motives.

In short, "American Outpost" is a book not unjustly to be compared with "Martin Eden": it is not a book about the basic political and social struggle of its time, or a book dominated by a severely unified political philosophy (Marx is not even mentioned in it): it is a book, like "Martin Eden," about a middle-class boy who, in spite of poverty and misunderstanding, perseveringly made himself a successful writer. It is the story of a remarkable individual, of his struggles, his experiments, his achievements. Much of it deals with the author's early emotional life, and with the story of his two marriages; much of it deals with his progress from one diet to another; much of it deals with his life at the Helicon Hall community (mainly a sensibly planned retreat for needy writers) and at one or two single-tax colonies. This is the kind of unity the book has—not, so to say, a socialist, but a thoroughly individualistic, unity. It is the story chiefly of courageous and consistent "rebellion." As a result, there is no effect of incongruity when Sinclair says: "My quarrel with the churches is a lover's quarrel; I do not want to destroy them, but to put them on a rational basis"; or when he says: "The blame lies with the system, in which government for public service [*sic*] is competing day by day with

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in telepathy and his willingness to believe in ghosts; or even, fundamentally, when he explains his adherence to the cause of the Allies in the War.

From this point of view, the book is a document of great value to the literary historian and the critic: it furnishes so useful a key to the special kind of power and distinction which Upton Sinclair's fiction undeniably has. It should be recommended to owners of the Encyclopedia Britannica, who will learn from the twentieth volume of that indispensable work, that Sinclair's socialist convictions "often interfere" with his fiction "as art."

NEWTON ARVIN.

Morituri

Black Elk Speaks, Being the Life Story of a Holy Man of the Ogalala Sioux, as told to John G. Neihardt. New York: William Morrow and Company. 280 pages, illustrated. $3.75.

WITHIN the past twenty or thirty years the Indian has been reduced, possibly by way of easing the American conscience, to a pretty picturesqueness; he is made a noble player in a banal legend, the province of the art calendar and Hollywood. Indian culture has for the most part been so obliterated and distorted that it is difficult to get intelligent interest in anything Indian. One hears, "But the Indians are so dull"; and perhaps in the abject state in which they are forced to live this is quite true.

To those who have thought the Indians "dull" this book will come as a shock. It is curiously modern in tone. The description of the fight with Custer might almost have been written by Ernest Hemingway, and that is a great tribute indeed to Mr. Hemingway. In all the battle passages there is a bleak, stark grandeur. The Sioux were not fighting in the name of rhetorical patriotism, manufactured in a bureau of propaganda. One sees plainly throughout the narrative those deep sources of primitive being which have been so glossed over by modern life.

A frenzy possesses the great camp when the criers announce the coming of the soldiers. There is the wildest disorder everywhere. But beneath this the battle fury flows in a strong stream. A father says to his son, "Do not fear. Only the earth lasts." Naked on horseback, the Sioux rush out to meet Custer and Reno, crying, "It is a good day to die, it is a good day to die." Black Elk and the friends who occasionally supplement his narrative are undeterred by Christian remorse; they tell in plain, simple sentences of the scalping and the other bloody acts that followed the victory.

But the power and beauty of Black Elk's "Great Vision" are so compelling as to overshadow even the heroic proportions of the narrative, with its inevitably tragic conclusion. It was this vision, as he glimpsed it in his first chance conversation with Black Elk, that undoubtedly led Mr. Neihardt to set down the book. The vision is so complex and so rich in symbolism that it is difficult to discern all its meaning. In its essentials, however, as it was given to Black Elk when he was nine years old, it was a prophecy of the destruction of the primitive unity of his people, their oneness. The sacred hoop is destroyed, the flowering staff withers and dies. On the third ascent, where his ultimate failure as a life-giver is made clear to him, he sees his people in confusion, running about, each [illegible] "I think we are very near [illegible]" or, "Life is a waking from a dream," or the more that something very bad is going to happen all over the world." In a footnote Mr. Neihardt points out that Black Elk is an illiterate and knows nothing of world affairs.

This could stand as a type vision. It might well have troubled the sleep of the Papuans and the Samoans, the Aztecs and the Zulus. The conflict between the "civilized" white and primitive man has been the great world drama of the past four hundred years. In that vast drama, so often disguised by rhetoric or neglected altogether, this book must have an important place. Throughout, it is apparent that Mr. Neihardt has set his sensitive poet's mind the task of recording faithfully and without intrusion Black Elk's words. He has been a keen and scrupulous editor.

MARQUIS W. CHILDS.

Hungarian Fantasy

Czardas: A Story of Budapest, by Jenö Heltai. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

THE RETURN to the past, the agonizing attempt to restore the meanings and memories of childhood, the antithesis of death, has been made the subject of various works from Marcel Proust down the scale to Philip Barry. The subject of "Czardas" is, once again, the escape from the brutal tortured present into the fulfilment of youthful dream-fantasies; but in "Czardas" the theme is presented deviously, with the peculiar attitude toward events that Central European writers seem to possess in common. The method of the book is like that of the optical illusion in which you see six squares, now seven and again six: the events move in and out, from fantasy, the coincidences of dream life, to the straightforward violences and casual details of actual existence. Incessantly there takes place a shift between symbol and actuality, and though sometimes the novel pants under the author's labor of manipulation, all the splendid effect of the last part is dependent upon the continual interplay of real time, imagined time and remembered time. The result is that the characters acquire shadowy outline and an intense light of existence that is lost in the ordinary "representational" novel.

An obsession sits upon a mutilated aviator who returns to Budapest before the War is ended, to be rid of ennui and the phantoms of his sick brain. The phantoms arise partly out of his dreaming childhood, partly out of his cruel, careless manhood before the War. The action of the novel is the criss-crossing of his attempt to make the first real and to allay the latter. In the end, the present and the past are deadlocked, and neither will give way. He has failed to gain peace with the fixity of the Porcelain Lady, and has left only an acute awareness of Death, the Blindman and his tapping stick. That is the novel, at least on the surface; but the novel back of the symbolism, the real novel, is the characters, their fled pasts and hopeless presents, who come to sickly life under the vital need of the returned soldier. If the novel's meaning lay on the surface, in the fantasy, if it were simply the account of a half-mad man's delusion, it would be dreary stuff, with all the trappings of a morality play. Instead, "Czardas" is a tragedy, without the first overwhelming shock of tragedy. It depends upon none of the simple formulas that it might have depended upon: the maladjustment of the returned soldier, the play upon the theme, "Life is a

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without any articulated metaphysic, compresses hard into its events the idealism, the intellectualism, which is the heritage of western Europe even in its emotional life. And the final awful crisis is not a murder; it is the thoughtlessness of a woman who, intending that the man who loves her shall take her in his arms, sits down at his useless left side to discover that her simple mistake in position cannot be undone.

KENNETH WHITE.

Book Notes

MEMOIRS

AWAKENING JAPAN, by Erwin Baelz. *New York: The Viking Press. 406 pages. $5.*

Dr. Erwin Baelz went to Japan in 1876, as an instructor in the recently established Imperial University, and remained there until 1905, with the exception of short periods of vacation in his native Germany. His diary, edited by his half-Japanese son, Toku Baelz, though fragmentary, gives an extraordinary picture of the development of Japan from a feudal to an industrial civilization. During his life in Japan Dr. Baelz became the most eminent professor of medicine in that country, and his position as physician to the Emperor and the royal family as well as his work at the University and among the foreign colony brought him into contact with the people who played important parts in the development of the nation. His keen, fine mind made it possible for him to exercise sympathy and understanding in an environment in which most foreigners were either prejudiced or impatient. Dr. Baelz saw Japan change from an isolated kingdom to a world power, and his comments on the growth are appreciative without being fulsome. Incidentally, his diary contains valuable material on the attitude of Germany and the attitude towards Germans abroad in the reign of the erratic Emperor William II.

SACRED AND PROFANE MEMORIES, by Carl Van Vechten. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 250 pages. $3.*

Mr. Van Vechten has spread himself in this collection of unrelated but highly homogeneous papers, reprinting practically everything except his old laundry bills. Pictures of his parents and his heirlooms are reproduced; notes are sketched for an autobiography; and finally there is a bibliography which includes not only his books but his pamphlets, his prefaces, his broadsheets and even his musical compositions. The papers themselves were written mostly before his first success with "Peter Whiffle," and trade on the cuteness of a pre-war dilettante. They have been extensively revamped, and their tone of course is modish; but their general effect is quaint.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

THE SOCIAL LIFE OF MONKEYS AND APES, by S. Zuckerman. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 356 pages. $3.75.*

This recent addition to C. K. Ogden's valuable "Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method" is not only fascinating to read but of the very first importance as a monograph on the difficult subject of comparative sociology. The author—explorer, observer, anatomist to the London Zoo—has assembled a wealth of material relating to the behavior of man's presumed forerunners, including in his survey not only the large families of apes and monkeys, but many other animals. His point of view rejects all anthropomorphism and teleological interpretation, and the numerous facts he presents upset many favorite misconceptions: notably, that monkeys suffer from fleas! Considerable space is given to the influence of the "oestrus-cycle"—sex—upon the group and individual activities of the primates, and from this the inference is drawn that human societies, however much in other ways they differ from their animal counterparts, owe a great deal to sex. Zuckerman's book is a genuine contribution to an enlightened behaviorism, its value further increased by twenty-four plates, an "index of Primates," and a bibliography of 400 authorities consulted for refutation or support.

HISTORY

THE STORY OF THE TIMES, by William Dodgson Bowman. *New York: The Dial Press. 342 pages. $4.*

The history of The London Times, from its beginnings as The Daily Universal Register, is, in a large measure, the history of the British political mind during the reigns of George III, George IV, William IV and Victoria. The changes which were fermenting during these periods came to a head about the time Lord Northcliffe assumed control of The Times. Although the author attributes its greatest loss of prestige to such incidents as its scandalous conduct in the Parnell case, and the fact that no editor, at present, has the opportunity to be as great as Delane was, it seems more likely that the reasons for the decline of The Times are more profound and have their root in the complete change which British economic life and political thought have undergone. Mr. Bowman, though he has written a very readable book, is not concerned at all with the tremendous implications of the issues which The Times so often shaped and directed, but simply with the facts of its growth and decline.

FICTION

LET THE DAY PERISH, by Saul Padover. *New York: Jonathan Cape and Robert Ballou. $2.*

A Jewish boy lived somehow through seven years of illness, hunger and filth, of physical outrage by Cossack and Pole, of soul-branding mob hatred. Escaped to America, he evokes the horror of these years in a series of loosely connected episodes. The reader vicariously experiences the apparently unendurable, and marvels at the strength of the human organism. Padover, by the simplicity and honesty of his style, gives a compelling sense of reality to his narrative.

THE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN, translated by Meyer Levin. *New York: Jonathan Cape and Robert Ballou. $3.*

This is a collection of folktales belonging to the Chassidim, that strange Jewish sect which spread through Poland and the Ukraine in the eighteenth century. Chassidism teaches men to live with abounding joy—for joy in living things is the highest form of worship—and extols simplicity. The tales have to do with the Baal Shem Tov, Master of the Wondrous Name, the founder of the order, and other holy Tsadikim. They are simple and full of joy.

Contributors

C. D. WILLIAMS, a graduate of Yale and the Yale Law School, is an attorney now practising in New York City.

TED ROBINSON, JR., works as assistant to the night city editor of The Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HORACE GREGORY, free-lance critic and poet of New York City, is the author of "Chelsea Rooming House," a book of verse which has been published both in this country and in England. He has also translated the works of Catullus and will issue a second volume of verse next fall under the imprint of Harcourt, Brace.

NEWTON ARVIN, assistant professor of English at Smith College, contributes frequent articles on literary subjects to various magazines.

MARQUIS W. CHILDS, who has done newspaper work throughout the Middle West and in New York City, recently returned to the staff of The St. Louis Post-Dispatch after a leave of absence of five months, given to the writing of a novel on a phase of life on the Mississippi.

KENNETH WHITE has written plays

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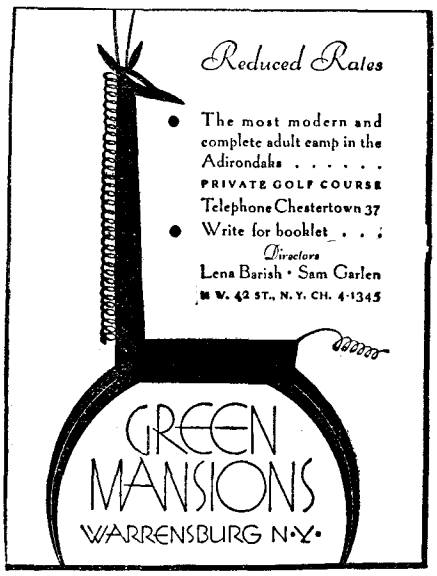
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